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JOB PRINTING

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My Daughter Louise.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
My seat on the sand and her seat on my knees,
We watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter,
My sweet little daughter Louise.
We wonder what city the pathway of glory,
That broadens away to the limitless west,
Leads up to—she minds her of some pretty story
And says: "To the city that mortals love best."
Then I say: "It must lead to the far away city,
The beautiful City of Rest."

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
Stand two in the shadow of whispering trees,
And one loves my daughter, my beautiful daughter,
My womanly daughter Louise.
She steps to the boat with a touch of his fingers,
And out on the diamonded pathway they move;
The shallop is lost in the distance, it lingers,
It waits, but I know that its coming will prove
That it went to the walls of the wonderful city,
The magical City of Love.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
I wait for her coming from over the seas;
I wait but to welcome the dust of my daughter,
To weep for my daughter Louise.
The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendor,
Gleams bright, like a way that an angel has trod;
I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender,
Sweet clay to lie under the pitiful sod;
But she rests, at the end of the path, in the city,
Whose "builder and maker is God."

—*Homer Greene, in Our Continent.*

COLORADO MADGE.

The sharp silver horn of the clear curled moon—hanging so low in the marvelous sky of Colorado, it seemed you might tiptoe up and touch it from the hilltop—slid hastily down behind Pike's Peak on this evening, as if it did not like to see what was about to happen.

This was in the earlier days of Colorado, when miners slept on their newly discovered claims. A wall of rock and debris from the mine made a sort of fortress against the savage and the storm.

This mine here at Boulder Canon was a new discovery—the richest, the most marvelously rich that ever yet had been found. But as all this has been said of nearly every discovery, these glaring adjectives add but little to the outline of this crude little sketch. This claim, like all other fearfully rich ones, was also for sale. That was why it was so rich. That was why all sorts of people from all sorts of places came straggling in through the narrow passes left in the walls to where Colonel Bill Williams and his friends grouped about their pine knot fire under the stars of Colorado.

Old Kit, the last of the trappers, a withered, dried-up old man, ready to blow away like a leaf into the river of death—a man who had held possession of all this land of gold long years before—sat moodily aside smoking his last pipe of tobacco. Suddenly he started up, or rather half undoubled, with his hand to his ear.

"What's that?"

"Guess you've got 'em agin, Kit."

"Got 'em again? It was a woman, I tell you. But I forgot, you new fellers can't hear like old Mountain Kit. Yes, thar it is agin! Ingin women up yonder! Ingin women in trouble. Somebody's after 'em," muttered the old man, as he again doubled up and silently sucked his pipestem.

"Shouldn't wonder. Snagly, the agent, is redhot after Madge, you know," squeaked out the little doctor.

"Yes, Madge and her old mother have got away from the Reservation again," growled Ginger.

"And is he goin' to take Madge back?" queried Kit, sympathetically, as he again half-undoubled and shuffled forward.

"Take her back, if it takes the whole United States army," said Ginger, savagely.

"Poor gal, poor gal!" mused the old trapper. "Why her father, boys, was white. Yes, white as—as—well now, he was white as the whitest. And as for Madge, why, she's whiter herself than that agent is."

The old man was full of rage, and stood almost erect.

"Now, you look here," and Ginger, like the bully that he was, came close up to the old trapper, "Snagly, the Indian agent, is a pard of mine in a tradin' post. And you just go slow. If he wants that gal he'll have her."

"Have her, will he? Well, not while old Mountain Kit can lift a fist, he won't. Now, do you just stick a pin there."

But, from the manner of the miners, it was clear that neither Madge nor any of her unhappy race had friends in that camp other than the old trapper.

Suddenly Madge stood, or rather crouched, as a hunted wild beast might crouch, right there in their midst. Of course she had come in through the narrow pass in the stone wall that had been thrown up there by the long, strong arms of the now resting derrick, but no one had seen her enter. She had come as silent and sudden as the moon had gone. Her limbs were as supple as the panther's—her footfall as light. She looked to be only a waif—a hungry, tired beggar. She had a spotted skin over her shoulder, a short, tattered petticoat hung from her waist; her feet were naked and a storm of hair hung and blew about her shoulders as she crouched there, looking back, as if she feared she was followed, trembling, starting, quivering, scarcely daring to breathe.

"Hello, Madge, what's the row now?"

The girl did not answer. The stern and unfriendly voice of Colonel Bill Williams and the half sneer on the faces of all showed her at a glance that she had not fallen among friends.

"Madge, why don't you claim to be white and stay with the whites? You have a right to do that, and they can't take you to the reservation at all," added the colonel, more kindly.

Should she open her proud lips to utter the scorn she felt for a race who could treat her and her people as they were treated? Should she stoop to say: "My mother is starving up yonder on the rocks only a stone's throw away, where she is hiding from the manhunters." Did it need any words to tell these men that she would live or die with her mother and her mother's people?

"Say, Madge, you could get a job down at the Hurdy Gurdy house to sing and dance if you'd claim to be white; then you could get some clothes," urged the colonel as he looked at her thin, bare arms, while she still stood trembling, looking back listening, her nostrils extended, her pale lips set in silence.

Ginger, meantime, had risen and moved cautiously around toward the door or entrance through the great high stone wall, and, before she could guess what it meant, he stood between her and her beloved mountains. She was a prisoner. The hard, merciless man laughed wickedly as he threw his strong arm before her when she was about to spring past him and escape.

She had not spoken yet. But now she turned about, half threw up her hands in sign of submission, and for the first time stood erect.

She was tall, and, had she not been starving, she would have been strangely, savagely, fearfully beautiful. Had she been well clad and cared for, she would at that moment have looked the royal princess in body that she was in soul. But this wild rose, set thick with thorns, was only a bud that perhaps would never blossom.

These men all had seen her before. This canon, this land, these mountains were her home, her inheritance. She had played when a child with the shiny bits of gold and silver that these strong men were going mad over now. Her people had galloped their horses over all this gold for a thousand years. But now the white man had come and was digging, digging everywhere—digging graves for body and for soul.

Yes, all these men knew Madge very well—her pride and her recklessness. Not a man there that did not know how impregnable was this girl's virtue, how she scorned and despised them every one, too.

Ginger sat himself down on a rock near by the pass in the wall and waited for Snagly, the agent, whom he knew was after her and would soon be there. The girl moved about the inclosure dimly lighted by the flaring pine knots, but did not speak. This was a wild beast that had been caught in a cage. She was gliding about as if to try the bars, to see how to escape from the cage. At last her eyes fell on a little uncovered tin bucket back among the buffalo robes and blankets. She leaned over cautiously and looked at its contents. It was full of provisions—sandwiches and a roast fowl for somebody's supper. The girl glanced up toward the rugged mountain above her. Then she measured the height of the stone wall before her. Her black eyes gleamed with a terrible purpose. Her mother was starving up there. She was going to steal this, leap up and over that wall like a starving wolf and save her mother, who would die rather than surrender and go back to the reservation.

Old Kit, bent, broken, helpless, had sat all this time back obscurely in the corner; but his eyes, his every sense, had followed and understood her. He came out from his place and sat between the flaring and fitful pine-knot light and the little tin bucket. But how could he help her, this man who could not even help himself? The girl did not seem to notice him, or indeed to see any one now. She stretched her long slender arms just once, as if to make certain that they were free; she drew the thong that girdled her a little together, put the storm of midnight hair back a little from about her piercing eyes, and that was all. She had not spoken one word. She had not even deigned to look at the man who sat keeping watch at the narrow little pass through the great ugly wall. Only old Kit seemed to suspect her purpose. The miners talked in little groups together about their mines. They had forgotten the girl was there. At length she seemed ready. She threw her hand up to her ear as if listening, looked up the ugly cliff above her where her mother was hiding and starving, looked hard at the steep and savage stone wall before her, and then darting down like a hawk she caught up the little bucket and leaped across the open space at a bound and on up the stone wall.

Up, up! She stops. It is too steep for her failing strength. The jagged quartz cuts her feet and hands till the white wall of rock is red. Her hands relax their hold on the sharp rock, and she falls back bleeding and bruised at the very feet of the man who had sprung forward from where he was keeping watch at the pass in the hall.

"Now, what do you mean?" called out the colonel.

"Told you so!" shouted Ginger, as he took her by the hair and forced her to rise.

"Injins will be Injins, boys," said the doctor, as he picked up and set aside the little bucket.

"Now, I guess you'll help me keep her here till Snagly comes, won't you? I seed you fellers lookin' dark at me as I sat there, you in particular, colonel. Well, now, don't you see I'm right. Injins is Injins. It's the cussed bad blood that's in 'em. The Injin will out every time."

"Yes, send the little cuss back to the reservation. Let Snagly have her if you like," said the colonel, as he brushed the dirt from a bruised knee and limped around to the other side of the fire. For he too had sprung up and tried to reach the girl when he saw her about to fall. But whether to help or harm was not certain to any one.

At mention of the reservation the girl became wild and desperate. She threw herself imploringly before the strong, bearded colonel and lifted her face as in piteous prayer.

"Well, what did you go and steal for?"

Still the girl did not speak. But now she could not lift her face. Her eyes fell to the ground and she stood mute, motionless—all bowed and broken before him as he accused her.

"Madge, if you hadn't stole my dinner; if you hadn't done that, Madge, I'd let you go. Yes, I would; hang it, gal, I'm sorry for you; yes, I am, and if you hadn't stole that little bucket, my gal, I'd a chucked that Ginger out of that door before two minutes more and let you go; yes I would, Madge. But you see now I can't, for you've stole."

The trembling old trapper staggered forward, and standing between cried wildly:

"She didn't steal! I stole it and giv it to her."

"What, you—you honest old trapper, Kit?"

"Yes, I—I old trapper Kit. Now let her go, won't you?"

"Yes, I will. Go, gal," and the man pointed to the pass in the ugly wall.

Just as he spoke there was a rattle of bootnails over the boulders in the little narrow pass, and Snagly, the Indian agent, followed by an officer of the United States army, and two men with manacles at their waists, entered the little inclosure. The Indian agent—the man hunter with the United States army at his back—stopped there and glared at her. The girl lifted her face now in silent petition to every man there. One after one, as her eyes met theirs, they turned away without a word, shaking their heads sullenly. Three centuries of hatred toward the Indian was in their blood.

"Caught at last, eh?" triumphantly chuckled the Indian agent, as he at length came forward, followed by the men with manacles at their waists. He stood before her, gloating at her utter discomfiture and helplessness. Now she should be his—his at last, body and soul.

She stood up, tall no longer. Her eyes had lost their luster, her long, bony arms hung down, low down, tired, so tired now. Her magnificence of hair mantled her. Her breast lifted a little. That was all. What could she have been thinking about?

The fire burned low at her feet. The stars above her—every one—came out stealthily, as it were, on tip-toe and peeped through the keyholes of heaven to see what the United States was doing there now under the vast free skies of Colorado.

"Caught at last, eh!" again ejaculated the brutal Indian agent, as he took one step nearer to the trembling child, as if about to lay hold of her.

"Caught, caught! Why, mon, you speak of her as if she were a dog for the pound." The brawny Scotchman who said this had just unrolled himself from a pile of blankets back under the other wall, where he had taken shelter after a hard day's digging. He was a foreigner, and of a race slow to comprehend. He was now for the first time, since the fugitive had entered the inclosure, getting pretty well awake.

The agent only looked at the stranger and then motioned his men to approach. The officer, who evidently did not like his work, was slow to obey his master, the Indian agent.

"Oh, save me from that man—from that man of all!" at last cried the girl, throwing herself before the kindly officer. "I will die rather than be taken. Oh, you did save me once. You did help me once to escape—"

"Quiet! You will betray me and ruin all. I dare not help you, Madge, where the agent is."

"But it is death to be taken. Oh, it is more than death!"

"Well, now, it is not so bad as that, Madge! If Snagly wants you, you go back," said Ginger, familiarly coming forward.

"But see how she trembles. This will kill her," protested the officer.

"Oh, she's just making out! Say, where did you sleep last night?" called out the red-headed ruffian.

The girl shrank from the monster and crouched before the stranger, as if he could help her. Then turning to the ruffian, she cried, as she threw her long, bony arms in the air, and pointed to the rocks above:

"Where was I last night? Up yonder on the high, rocky ledge, with my poor starving mother, hiding! hiding! hiding from him and his men! And there were rattlesnakes there in the rocks, rattling and hissing all night as we lay crouching, hiding, starving!"

"Poor, poor lass!" muttered the foreigner.

"Oh, why is this? You all can come and go at will. But I—I am hunted down like a wolf. Why is this?"

"Bah, you Injin, don't take on like that," sneered the agent as he again approached. "Come, your mother must go back to the reservation. Don't you want to go back, too?"

"I'd rather die!" and with an instinct that saw something kindly in the face of this quiet but determined foreigner, she turned to him again and pleaded. "Oh, sir, long, long ago my father lived and was rich in horses and gold in yonder mountains—long, so long ago it seems, for I was happy then, and oh, so wretched now! Long, long ago, and he loved me and called me Margie. But now, down at that reservation they mock at me when I pass and call me 'Madge, Colorado Madge, Injin Madge.' Oh, I could kill them—kill them, every one!"

The Indian agent in the name of the United States was growing angry and impatient. He began to fear that possibly this girl might move this man's pity, and somehow at last escape him. He advanced closer and roughly laid hold of her shoulder.

"Come, come now, I want to be gentle with you. But remember I am your lawful guardian and I must take you back. Come, go back peacefully under my protection."

The girl sprang from him and threw back her hair. Her whole form shook, but it was not with fear now.

"Your protection! Your protection! What is it? To see my mother's people sicken and perish on the deadly reservation with only the Great Spirit to heed or to pity them? To see a race of warriors die in savage silence while your Great Father at Washington and his chiefs about him hug themselves in happiness and boast to the world of peace and prosperity in the land. Your protection! What is it? To see little children starve that you may grow rich! To see helpless women debased? To bear your insults, your persecutions? Yours, yes, yours! No! no! I'd rather live with the rattle snakes!"

"Now, look here, none of that! Remember, I don't take one more word of insult. So come. And come right along now."

The brute clutched her thin shoulder angrily, and threw her toward the two men with the manacles as he spoke.

But the girl sprang back to the side of the stranger, and, half hiding there as the agent again attempted to take her, cried out in her desperation:

"Don't you touch me! Don't you dare to touch me, or I will kill you!"

"Nae, don't you touch the lass! Don't you dare to touch her! If you do, begad, sir, I'll——" The mighty fist was in the air, but he was too angry to finish the sentence. He did not want to talk now. He wanted to fight.

Snagly, the Indian agent in the name of the United States, fell back before the lifted fist of the foreigner and the gleaming eyes of the half-crazed girl, and cried:

"Captain, I call upon you to enforce my authority. Arrest and deliver me that girl!"

"You wretch!" muttered the officer, between his teeth, as he drew his sword; then, hesitating, he let its point fall to the ground. Whether he had drawn his sword for the agent or the stranger was not certain.

"Oh, you will help me!" cried the girl to the officer.

"Madge, Madge! A soldier can only obey orders. Alas, the laws make this man my master. An Indian agent commands the army!"

Once more Snagly attempted to lay hold of the almost frenzied girl. But the man from under England's flag threw him back and turned to the girl.

"Come here, me lass!" And throwing one arm about her he shook his fist at Snagly. "You, stop there. There's the line! Now you cross that, and if I don't knock you down, dom me! No true Briton allows any innocent lass to be put in chains, whether she be red or black or white, and I am a son of bonnie Briton!"

"Well, son of Briton you may be, but this ain't British soil," shouted Snagly. The stranger started at this; he held his head in thought, and Snagly continued: "No, you ain't on British soil here!"

"Not on British soil. Not on brave old Britain's soil." The man said this as to himself, and then, slowly, tenderly, pitifully, lifting up the now almost prostrate child, he handed her toward the agent, saying: "Well, then, me poor lass, I'll have to give ye up. I can't save you, lass, I can't. Here, sir, take her. But please, sir, treat her gently. She's only a poor, friendless lass, sir. Treat her gently, I implore you!"

"Mind your own affairs and keep your advice to yourself," cried Snagly, as he again clutched the girl and threw her toward the men. "There! Iron her!"

The girl no longer resisted or remonstrated now. Her head bent very low. Meekly and mechanically her two bony little hands fell across each other to receive the cold ratting shackles. Her hair hung down about her bended face, as if to hide the blush of shame that mantled it in her captivity.

The mouth of Colonel Bill Williams had been working; had been watering to devour that monster, the agent of the United States. His hands had clutched till his finger nails nearly drew blood from his palms. But the rattle of chains now seemed to awaken him to a sense of the awful insult that was being put upon his country, his manhood and his presence. He caught up the nearest thing at hand—a pick that leaned against the wall; he dashed forward, throwing the men with their manacles to the ground, and roared with the voice of a Numidian lion as he cleared the way for the girl through the ugly wall.

"Well, if this ain't British soil it is God Almighty's soil, and you can't iron her! There, girl!—go, as free as the winds of Colorado!"

The girl started up with all the grateful remembrance of her race in the single glance she gave her deliverers, and she passed out, with her face lifted to the cliff above. And old Kit stood there as she passed, and adroitly forced something in her bony hand for the hungry mother on the rocky hill. Surely, with the contents of the little tin bucket went a God's blessing on her from the heart of every man there, save and except the agent of these United States and the cowering red-headed deputy.—*Joaquin Miller.*

Riding a Wild Alligator.

On last Saturday morning a scene took place at Lake Lochiocea Station, on the Peninsular railroad, which for genuine excitement and sensation will completely lay in the shade the best Spanish bull-fight on record. A party of men on the wharf saw a large alligator about a hundred yards out in the lake gently resposing amid the ripple that a gentle breeze was making. Some of the party got into a boat, carrying with them a small harpoon hook, and rowed out to the alligator. When in convenient distance the harpoon was thrown and with unerring shot made its way into the beast just behind the right fore leg. No sooner than this was done, and while the alligator was raging in the waters in its most powerful efforts to release itself, one of the party, a Mr. Posey, probably fifty years of age, leaped into the lake, swam to the rearing and surging monster, got upon its back, grabbed it around the neck and rode it to land amid the shouts of those who were fortunate enough to witness the exciting scene. When measured the monster was found to be ten feet six inches long. Strange to say, after Mr. Posey had backed him and grappled him around the neck the beast was almost entirely subdued. A few lunges and he quietly followed the tightening of the rope until he reached the shore, a tamer but greatly confused alligator. His mouth was then muzzled and a rope tied around his belly, and it was hauled up on the platform at the depot.

When the afternoon train came along the passengers got out to look at the beast and its valiant captor, and then another scene took place quite as exciting and extraordinary as the one in the water. Posey got on the 'gator to ride it for the entertainment of the crowd. After much tickling and spurring he aroused the animal into such a desperate struggle for freedom that everybody expected to see some one literally chewed up and swallowed by it. In the melee it snapped the ropes that were bound around its long and brute-mouth, and then, making a dash for the ground, it was swung up by the rope, tied by its body and fastened to a post. It soon broke this and fell heavily to the ground, when it put out for the lake. But it was scarcely landed before Posey was on its back, when a struggle ensued between man and alligator that could scarcely have its parallel in the arena of acrobatic action.

The crowd scattered at this appalling scene, and men there who, if fist fights with alligators were a feasible and practicable thing, would be strong enough for the business, exclaimed that the world had not treasure enough to enter such a struggle. Yet in a few minutes Posey was master of the situation, the saurian was conquered and lay as quietly under the grasp of its conqueror as if, instead of 400 pounds of real live alligator, it was the most cowardly cur. A shout of victory went up for Posey, and parties went to his assistance, and again tying and securing the animal the job was completed, and the hero of the fight offered his prisoner in market for the trifling sum of $10.—*Florida Lacon.*

The man of a few words is not unfrequently the speaker to hold forth the longest. Those few words he never tires of repeating.

FOR THE LADIES.

German Ladies.

In the richest German household the mistress superintends the kitchen and lends a hand to the cook. Certain dishes she always makes with her own hands, because her Fritz likes them so. She may boast thirty-two quarterings on her escutcheon and be terribly proud of her lineage, but she has no nonsensical ideas about its being degrading to put on a canvas apron, lard a piece of veal, make jams or dole out with her own hands the prunes that are to be put into the potato stew. She keeps her best attire for Sundays, and makes it serve on a good many of these festal days, for she does not follow fashion blindly or in a hurry. On ordinary days she dresses with a plainness which would excite the contempt of a French woman; but then the culinary pursuits do not prevent her from being by far the intellectual superior of her French or Belgian sister.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

White Muslin Dresses.

Mull muslin, French nainsook and other sheer lawns that have no starch and are of dull ivory white, yet are clearer than cream-color, are the fabrics used in imported dresses. Embroidery is invariably employed for the trimming, and to this is sometimes added some inexpensive lace, or perhaps a little real Mechlin, or Valenciennes in the new designs that have small figures with feathery edges, and show a great deal of the foundation mesh-work. The embroidery is most effectively used as scant flounces for the skirt, trimming is sometimes in many rows up the front, with three rows extending all around it, and ample back drapery to cover the plain part of the back; while other dresses have three or four embroidered flounces, so wide that they cover all the skirt but a short space for hip drapery. The open designs for such work have been most in favor, but there are also many flounces of the thicker work that can scarcely be detected from needle-work. For simple dresses this work is done in patterns of dots scattered about, or else in scalloped rows near the edge, and is very effective. For more elaborate dresses there are larger flower, leaf and vine patterns, and some blocks, Greek squares and involved geometrical designs. The overdress of white muslin is made without lining, but is worn over a high corset cover, the sleeves being the only transparent part of the corsage. The neck is cut in a low point in front, or it may be finished high at the throat with a standing ruffle of embroidery, and inside this two standing frills of lace. A pretty finish for a pointed throat is given also by a fichu of the mull that is shirred down its only seam—that in the middle behind; its bias ends drawn closely down on the shoulders are lapped or knotted, or held by a ribbon bow on the bust just above the waist line in front. This fichu may also be added to a high corsage to give the effect of a full bust and sloping shoulders; the high corsage has its standing frills of embroidery and lace, and the embroidery may also be in lengthwise rows to form a vest, and extend thence along the edge of the paniers that curve down on each hip from the middle of the front. Another trimming that is quite inexpensive is a puff of the sheer mull around the neck and wrists with ribbons in it. There may be frills of embroidery or lace below the puff, but for a simple dress a pretty frill may be added of the mull doubled and bias, and this should be pulled apart in pouf-like roundness, instead of being pressed flat. Very narrow ribbon, only half an inch wide, may be knotted or looped with many ends in the front or on the left side of the neck. The seams in the waist and sleeves of these thin lawns should not be left "raw"; that is, with rough edges. They are neatest when made with the English bag seam that first sews the edges together, making the seam on the outside of the dress. The garment is then turned and sewed on the wrong side, covering the seam just made as if with a bag—hence the name. The draped polonaise is much used for white mull overdresses. The bodice is first fitted like a basque, and trimmed along its lower edges with the embroidery in two rows, one turned up and the other down, or with a puff over a ribbon, and the drapery is added in lengthwise tucks on the hips and in front. Below these tucks the drapery will be quite full, and is made still fuller by the frills of embroidery. This fullness is curved upward behind, and disappears under the straighter breadths that are draped at the back. Another fashion omits the tucks, and finishes the top of the drapery with embroidery, which is then gathered on the edge of the basque. For very dressy occasions a large sash bow with long ends of doubled white watered silk is placed on the back of the basque, but ordinarily a bow of the muslin is used there. Another fashion for such dresses repeats the shirred basques of last summer, having a round yoke of many rows of shirring, with also shirring at the waist line in front and back. A satin ribbon at the waist is passed under the shirring of the back, and outside of the rest of the basque, serving as a belt. The deep apron overskirt is used with such a basque, and is furnished with a deep flounce of embroidery in front, while the back has a drawing string of ribbon across it, making a panier puff at the top, while below it the muslin is slit up the middle, and falls in two square ends that are trimmed all around. The ribbon of the drawing string forms a great bow with many loops below the puff. The surplice belted waist is also used for such dresses, but preference is given to corsages that slip over the hips, defining their outline, and being enlarged below by panier drapery.—*Bazar.*

Fashion Fancies.

Lace is the trimming of the season.

Shaded chocolate hues are much liked.

Light fichus or pelerines, covering the shoulders and loosely tied in front, are the coming summer mantle.

Velvet loops and large Alsatian bows of velvet will be much used to trim even summer bonnets of delicate straw.

For evening wear extra long, buttonless gloves, in Saxe or Swedish kid, are more popular than any others.

Few embroidered lace fichus of black net glitter with a dense covering of fine-cut jet bugles and pendants.

Many slender ladies follow the fashion set by Sarah Bernhardt, and have their gloves reach nearly to the shoulder, pushing them down to the elbow and allowing the extra fullness to wrinkle over the arm.

New tea gowns have straight redingotes, with short skirts deeply folded in plaits in front and box-plaited behind. White camel's hair is a favorite fabric for these gowns, with collar, cuffs and sash; also bows of bronze green, copper red or sapphire blue velvet. Embroidery in the material is also used for the trimming.

A new material designed for mantles, pelerines and overdresses is called gauze velvet. The fabric consists of a groundwork of gauze, transparent, but exceedingly firm, brocaded with large moons or "lunar dots" of black velvet. Wraps made of this material are lined with black surah or a bright color if desired, and richly trimmed chenille bands of applique work, heading a dress ruffle of real Spanish lace. A wrap exhibited, made of gauze velvet and intended for a young lady in "half" mourning, was lined with pale lilac surah and trimmed with black chenille fringe. The large cape-collar of chenille was caught together at the throat with a bow and ends of black chenille and pale mauve ribbon.

A Long-Lost Son Found.

A romantic episode in every-day life has come to light in Dedham, Mass. John Finn resides with his wife and a portion of his family in a neat cottage, of which he is the owner, located on or near the boundary line of Dedham and Boston. Here he has resided for at least twenty-five years. He has had three sons, one of whom, John, enlisted in the army during the "late unpleasantness" and was killed. The other two sons were named Cornelius and William. Cornelius was a lad about seventeen at the outbreak of the war. He suddenly left town, and his parents hearing nothing of his whereabouts concluded that he, too, had enlisted, especially as during the war they read of one Cornelius Finn, attached to a New York regiment, being killed. The family mourned for him as sincerely as they did the death of John.

Last September William went to Colorado to settle, hoping to better himself. While seated in a room in the western portion of the State one afternoon soon after his arrival there a miner entered and announced to the company present that Cornelius Finn had opened a new mine. William, taken aback somewhat by the name, said that he had had a brother once whose name was Cornelius Finn. To which the miner responded by looking at the stranger and declaring that he resembled Cornelius Finn, the miner, and might be his brother. Cornelius became greatly agitated upon learning the name of the stranger and that he came from Dedham, and immediately started for the town.

The meeting was decidedly affecting. Cornelius at once recognized William as his brother, although William, being younger, had not so strong a recollection of Cornelius. Mutual explanations followed and Cornelius related his wanderings since leaving home. He had gone South in 1861 and entered the army. At the conclusion of the war he drifted to Colorado, where he had interested himself in mining and had become wealthy. Regarding his neglect to send a letter home, he explained that he had read in the papers of the death of his parents, and had also the report substantiated by John Finn, a former resident of Dedham, whom he met. He had abandoned all hope of ever seeing or hearing from his folks. He at once took William with him to his mining camp and gave him an important position. His father has received a check for $1,000.—*Boston Globe.*

Oyster Planting.

A letter from Chincoteague island to the Baltimore *Sun* gives an interesting description of the manner in which oysters are planted. The writer says: The oyster business in these waters are now very active, and has reached an interesting stage, "the planting." A description of the modus operandi will perhaps be new and entertaining to many of the oyster-loving readers of the *Sun*. There are at least thirty vessels engaged in the business; and the oyster "plants" growing in the mouth of James river, some eighty miles from this place, it takes a trip of about five days for a good schooner with favorable winds to make the trip, get a load and return. Every morning a fleet leaves this harbor for Hampton Roads, the schooners having a capacity of from 350 to 1,500 bushels each, the average being 800 bushels. The beds of plants, which are known in the trade as "cullintines," are rich in the natural growth in the Roads, and a hand can with his tongs take up one hundred bushels a day of the young oysters. They are about the size of a half of an English walnut, and he gets six cents per bushel, making wages at from $5 to $6 per day. A favorable trip of from twelve to fifteen hours puts the vessel in Chincoteague bay, when they are mostly planted in the Maryland waters from fifteen to twenty miles above this point. The planting consists in scattering them in the bay so that they will lie thickly at the bottom of the water, and not more than touching each other. The whole cost of planting to the owner who hires the vessel and the work will reach twenty cents a bushel. He has his ground, or his water rather, staked off, and in two years his oysters are large enough to be taken up and sent to market. They command fifty cents a bushel here, or $1.10 in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, and the finest $5 per barrel of three bushels.

Can't a Wagon Have Two Horses?

He is a very small boy, just beyond the limits of babyhood. His precociousness is well recognized by those who know him, and sometimes people try to corner him in a logical way.

The other day some one took him up and asked him if he was not papa's boy.

He answered, "Yes."

"And are you mamma's boy, too?"

"Yes," replied Charlie.

"Well, how can you be papa's boy and mamma's boy both at the same time?" was asked him.

"Oh," replied Charlie, indifferently, "can't a wagon have two horses?"

Only six states out of the thirty-eight retain the annual sessions of the legislature. These are New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island and South Carolina.

A BRUTAL BUTCHERY.

Centennial Celebration of the Massacre of Ninety-six Christian Moravian Indians in Ohio.

A recent letter from Gnadenhutten, Ohio, gives particulars of the centennial celebration of the horrible massacre of Moravian Indians, which occurred there in 1782. The letter says:

This village is situated on the Pan Handle railroad, midway between Pittsburg and Columbus, has two churches, several stores, two hotels and fine schools. It is a peculiarly peaceful and prosperous neighborhood, whose quiet, retired-from-business appearance has little in it to remind the traveler that it was once the theatre of one of the bloodiest butcheries that ever occurred in this country.

David Zeisberger, a Moravian missionary, established several missions among the Delawares in the Tuscarawas Valley in 1772, and among the rest was that of Gnadenhutten (meaning tents of grace). When the Revolutionary war began the British made every effort to induce the Moravian Indians to take the war-path against the Americans, but while they were friendly to the Americans, their religion taught them that war was wrong and they steadily refused to take sides. Failing to accomplish their object peaceably, the British prepared to disperse the mission by force. Late in the fall of 1781 the Half King, Captain Pipe and Captain Elliott, an Englishman, with a force of more than three hundred, appeared at Gnadenhutten, and drove the inhabitants to Sandusky, where they were left without sufficient provisions for the winter that was near at hand.

Their sufferings were terrible, and in March they obtained permission to send a party back to their Tuscarawas home to gather the corn that they had not been allowed to harvest the previous fall. A party of hostiles came with them from the Sandusky, and those going to the Ohio committed several murders. Among other atrocities they impaled a mother and her child upon trees near Gnadenhutten. They then came to the town and loitered around some time, but being warned away by the Moravians, they left, after having secreted several bloody trophies of their expedition about the place, including the dress of the woman they had murdered. These murders enraged the settlers so greatly that a large party, under the command of Colonel David Williamson, started toward the Moravian village with the intention of destroying it. On the 6th of March they reached the vicinity of the town, and lay all night within hearing.

Next morning a young man named Shebosh went out to look for his horse, and seeing the white men he went toward them, expecting a kind reception. He was killed while begging for his life, telling them that he was the son of a white men. Williamson's men then proceeded to the village, and were received by the Indians with great kindness. They were told that the white men had come to take them to Fort Pitt, where they would be well taken care of until war was ended. On this promise of protection the Indians gave up their arms, when they were seized and bound. Nearly all the white men were in favor of killing them, only eighteen refusing to participate in the crime. The man whose wife and child had been murdered and impaled on trees was along, and he recognized his wife's bloody dress, which, with several other articles, was found where the Wyandots had hidden them in order to bring mischief upon the Moravians.

Some were in favor of burning them at the stake, but that was voted down, and it was decided to kill them singly by tomahawking them. The Indians were told that they must die. After the first shock of surprise was over they began to prepare for their fate. What a time of agony it must have been to those poor people. All through the long, stormy night voices of prayer were heard in the cabins where they were confined, while outside the rough tones of the bordermen in angry debate, mingled with the roar of the wind that howled through the trees, as though a thousand spirits shrieked in horror at the deed so soon to be done. The victims were led out one by one and knocked in the head with a mallet. The first killed was Abraham, an aged Indian, whose long, white hair caused his executioner to remark that it would make a fine scalp. Of the ninety-six that were killed, forty were men, twenty women and thirty-four children.

Two boys escaped—one by simulating death after having been knocked down and scalped, the other by creeping through a trap-door into the cellar. Watching an opportunity, they succeeded in getting to a thicket near by, where they concealed themselves. The dead bodies were thrown upon the floors of the "slaughter-houses," as they were appropriately termed, and the cabins fired. The bones were only partially consumed, and lay scattered around for ten or fifteen years, when they were given burial by David Peter (father of Edward Peter of this place, himself now an old man, and the first treasurer of this county) and John Heckewelner, a Moravian missionary. In 1872 a monument was erected to mark the spot for all time. It is carboniferous limestone of a light brown color, is thirty-six feet high, and cost $3,000. It is inscribed as follows:

Here Triumphed in Death
Ninety Christian Indians,
March 8, 1782.
"GNADENHUTTEN."

The New Siamese Twins.

The brothers Tocci, born in Turin in 1877, are considered to be even more curious than the famous Siamese twins. They have two well formed heads, two pairs of arms, and two thoraces, with all internal organs; but at the level of the sixth rib they coalesce into one body.

They have only one abdomen, one right and one left leg.

It is a curious fact that the right leg moves only under the control of the right twin (named Baptiste), while the other is movable only by the left twin (named Jacob).

As a result, they are unable to walk. This left foot is deformed, and is an example of talipes equinus. Each infant has a distinct moral personality; one cries while the other is laughing; one is awake while the other sleeps. When one is sitting up, the other is in a position almost horizontal.—*Presse Medicale Belge.*

Twelve thousand shovels and two thousand spades are turned out every week in the United States.

A Leave-Taking.

She will not smile;
She will not stir;
I marvel while
I look on her.
The lips are chilly
And will not speak;
The ghost of a lily
In either cheek.

Her hair—ah me!
Her hair—her hair!
How helplessly
My hands go there!
But my caresses
Meet not hers,
Oh golden tresses
That thread my tears!

I kiss the eyes
On either lid,
Where her love lies
Forever hid.
I cease my weeping
And smile and say,
I will be sleeping
Thus, some day.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Paris green is the fashionable color for buckets.

The reason they say "the gay widow" is because she mourns her husband only for a second.

The man who said, "I always take things as they come," was probably bred a photographer.

Mike Hogg is the editor of an agricultural paper in Kentucky. He nose a good deal about corn.

"An Austrian proposes to deliver letters by electricity." It is likely some of the recipients will be shocked.

It is well to patronize home industry, but teeth-picking at American restaurant tables is already sufficiently thriving.

"It is," says the *Court Journal*, "astonishing what advanced steps the Americans are taking in music." Here is direct encouragement for the organ-grinders to keep moving on.

"Have you," asked the judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner; "my lawyer took my last cent!"

"Intelligent!" said the man, of his setter dog. "He knows a heap, sir. Why, once he took a dislike to a man, and went out and induced the man to kick him, so I would whip the man! Fact, sir!"

"Well, you are the biggest goose I ever saw," exclaimed Jones to the partner of his joys and sorrows. And Mrs. Jones smiled upon him with a seraphic smile as she remarked, "Oh, Jones, you are such a self-forgetful darling?"

PREPARING TO LEAVE TOWN.

He straightened his back and wiped the sweat
From his brow so fiery red;
"I would rather travel with Jumbo, dear,
Than travel with you," he said.

She darted an angry glance and cried:
"Why, Walter, you must be drunk."
"I'm sober enough," he said, "to know
That Jumbo can pack his own trunk."
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Lapp Legend.

The legend is very familiar throughout Archangel Province and among the Lapps. Anika came yearly to take tribute of the fishers. None knew of his coming or going, but he was always seen on the shore when the boats came in from the sea. He periodically challenged the fishermen to fight, but his enormous size frightened them. For many years he was the terror of Ribatschi. One day a young man presented himself and induced the fishermen to take him fishing with them. On landing the stranger cleaned the fish with incredible rapidity. A fisherman's gloves being wet, the youth, in squeezing them between his hands, crushed them to dust, while the fishermen marveled at his strength. Anika appeared, and the youth spake boldly to him, and slightingly. "He! he!" laughed the giant. "Be careful or I'll demolish thee!" They agreed to fight in the ring on the hill, and in the following fashion: Each combatant was turn a somersault and strike his enemy in the chest with his feet. Anika took the first turn and struck the youth, who did not budge. A second blow, and the young man recoiled a yard; the third time, a fathom. It was the stranger's turn now. At his first somersault he drove the Viking back a fathom; at the second, three fathoms; at the third, he flung the huge sea robber seven fathoms outside the ring—dead. They buried him and erected the stone heap over him. "Thank God, each of you," said the youth, "your enemy is no more. Henceforth none shall molest your fishing. God be with you." Then he disappeared.

Where He Saw Her.

Just before a Western bound train left the Union depot yesterday morning, a masher with his little grip-sack slid around to a woman standing near the ticket office and remarked:

"Excuse me, but can I be of any assistance in purchasing your ticket?"

"No, sir!" was the short reply.

"Beg pardon, but I shall be glad to see that your trunk is properly checked," he continued.

"It has been checked, sir."

"Yes—ahem—you go West, I presume?"

"I do."

"Going as far as Chicago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah—yes—to Chicago. I also take the train for Chicago. Beg your pardon, but didn't I meet you in Buffalo last fall?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, then it was in Syracuse?"

"No, sir."

"No? I wonder where I have seen you before?"

"You saw me enter the depot about five minutes ago with my husband, I presume!"

"Your husband?"

"Yes sir, and if you'll only stay around here three minutes longer you'll make the fifth fellow of your kind that he has turned over to the coroner this month!"

Some mashers would have made a run for it, but this one didn't. He went off on the gallop, and as he wanted to go light he left his grip-sack and a ton of brass behind him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

By an experiment made with a chestnut tree thirty-five years old to calculate the amount of moisture evaporated from the leaves, it was found to lose sixteen gallons of water in twenty-four hours!

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1882.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

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DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IN SURRY COUNTY.

For the purpose of appointing delegates to attend the State Convention to be held at Raleigh on the 5th day of July, and for the purpose of appointing delegates to the various Conventions of the Democratic party hereafter to be called, there will be a convention and grand mass meeting of the Democratic party of the county of Surry at Dobson on Monday the 3rd day of July. Chairman of the several township committees will call primary meetings and appoint their delegates. It is earnestly desired that every Democrat in the county will be present. Several distinguished speakers have been invited, and are expected to attend. For the Executive Committee,

R. E. REEVES,
Chairman.

Democratic Convention.

The meeting of the Democracy was smaller in point of numbers than usual on last Saturday. The busy times, among the farmers had much to do with the meagre attentendance. Much as we like to see the people turn out on such occasions yet we acknowledge the prime importance of harvesting and plowing corn and tobacco. The meeting was called to order, T. T. Best in the Chair and the members of the Democratic press present were appointed Secretaries. The object of the convention was to appoint delegates to the State, Judicial and Congressional Conventions. By the adoption of a motion the chair appointed the following delegates and alternates to the State Convention:

Delegates—R. S. Linville, Junius Boyer, C. B. Watson, J. C. Buxton, T. A. Lyon, Albert Butner.

Alternates—R. B. Kerner, G. M. Mathes, Henry Fries, J. A. Robinson, Wiley Keith, D. P. Mast.

On motion made by J. Buxton, all Democrats in good standing who may attend the Judicial and Congressional Convention would be considered delegates.

Republican Consistency.

In different sections of our country the Republicans are not in harmony in their platforms. The Maine Platform has a 9th plank, which reads like this:

"That we refer with confidence and pride to the general record of the Republican party in support of the policy of the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, the wisdom and efficiency of which legislation in promoting the moral and mental interests of Maine have been demonstrated through the practical annihilation of that traffic in a large portion of the State: and we favor such legislation and such enforcement of law as will secure to every portion of our territory freedom from that traffic. We further recommend the submission to the people of the constitutional prohibitory amendment."

In the West the party is divided on the above question, while New England the hot bed of Radicalism, is almost solid for prohibition.

A Heavy Load.

The coalitionists have a heavy load to carry in Col. Folk, equalling the old man in Sinbad. The Lenoir *Topic* interviewed the Colonel with the following result:

"He regarded the prohibition question as settled, and as not entering into the politics of the State. He also admitted that he was the draughtsman of the bill establishing the present system of county government, and that he vigorously urged its passage, because in his judgment he belived it to be right. On that question he had nothing to recall."

The coalitionists evidently for the colonel's record and stultified themselves amazingly when they nominated him for the leading position on the State ticket, the man who was the author of and still believes in the bill, opposition to which constitutes one of the main planks in their platform.

Foreign.

The Khedive has summoned Raghib Racha and Ahemend Raised to form a new Egyptian Ministry, Arabi Bey still retaining the Ministry of war.

Ten thousand fugitives have left Eygpt, and more are hourly departing.

If Turky still temporizes it is proposed to hold the Conference at some other city than Constantinople, and without Turkey participation.

Mr. Gladstone declines to introduce a bill for the suspension of evictions in Ireland.

The Spanish Senate has elected a committee hostile to Premier Sagasta's proposal to abolish Parliamentara oaths.

Prince Bismark hopes that the refusal of the Reichstag to accept the Tobacco-Monopoly bill may not be permanent.

The President Lets Guiteau Hang.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—Guiteau has sent the following message to his spiritual adviser, Rev. Mr. Hicks; "Go and see Arthur and shake your fist in his face; tell him I made him President by my inspiration, and he must give me an unconditional pardon, and if he does not God Almighty blast him forever. I tell you brother Hicks, I am God's man, and God takes care of his own."

The Attorney-General to-day issued instructions to the marshal of the district and warden of the jail to keep Guiteau in strict confinement till the day set for his execution, and allow no one except his spiritual adviser, his physician and officers of the jail to communicate with the prisoner. The friends of the condemned man still profess hope for Guiteau. Reed says he does not despair and that he will make another appeal to the President at the earliest opportunity.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—The result of the special meeting of the cabinet last evening, in considering the case of Guiteau, was made known this morning by a statement from the Attorney-General that the plea for a respite had been refused. This conclusion was reached last evening, but was purposely withheld from the public in order that it might first be made known to the prisoner. The Attorney-General, to whom all the appeals and petitions presented to the President bearing on this case have been referred, submitted an elaborate report to the cabinet last evening, reviewing all the points presented in favor of a respite and recommending that it be not granted on the ground that the sanity of the prisoner had been fully established at the trial. The report was generally discussed and unanimously approved by the cabinet, all the members of which were present, and an understanding was reached as above stated. The Rev. Mr. Hicks called upon the President and Attorney-General last evening to learn the result of the meeting, but was informed that nothing could be divulged on the subject till this morning. Similar efforts on the part of Mr. Reed, Guiteau's counsel, were also fruitless. Rev. Mr. Hicks called upon the Attorney-General this morning by appointment, and was informed that the cabinet had decided not to interfere with the execution of Guiteau's sentence. Mr. Hicks thereupon drove to the District jail and informed Guiteau of the decision.

From the Charlotte Observer.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Turning on the Lights.

The Investigation of the Sixth District—Senator Vance Presents Some Startling Documents—Forged Certificates Coming to Light—An Accommodating Clerk who Gets things Badly Mixed.

WASHINGTON. D. C., June 20th.—Rich developments in the Mott investigation were made at the last meeting of the Vance committee. After several witnesses were put on the stand with but little result, Mr. W. H. Kestler, formerly deputy collector under Mott, was placed in the witness chair. After being duly sworn he was examined by Senator Vance. Dr. Mott was present. Kestler testified that he was employed one month by Dr. Mott as deputy collector at the rate of $65 per month. At the expiration of that time his services were dispensed with. This was during the campaign of 1880. Senator Vance handed witness two vouchers that he had taken off the files of the internal revenue office in the Treasury, both bearing witness' name and asked Kestler if he served only one month how was it that he had signed two vouchers for two separate months. Witness acknowledged that the signatures on the two vouchers were in his hand writing and explained that after he had left the employ of Mott he had received a letter from Mr. Jos. Clark, Mott's clerk, informing him that he (Clark) had lost the voucher signed by him (Kestler) and asking that he sign enclosed voucher and return it. This he did. This testimony showed that the government was charged $65 for services never performed. But the sensational and damaging part was yet to come. Quite unexpectedly to witness Senator Vance handed him five other vouchers, signed by him and approved by Mott, taken from the same files in the Treasury. Mott was thunderstruck and with abated breath leaned forward to catch the reply of the witness. Mr. Kestler, after examining the signatures, and with quiet precision pronounced the signatures of his name bold and indifferent forgeries. Mott was horrified and turned pale and blue by turns. He squirmed in his chair and the stillness of the moment must have felt to him like an hour. His eyes were riveted on the floor and it was some time before he recovered from the embarrassment that the witnesses disclosures placed him in. At last he put upon the stank his clerk, Mr. Joseph Clark, who, like all good clerks, said that these vouchers were made out by him without Mott's knowledge, and that he, not Mott was to blame. Things went on this way for some time and the witness had succeeded in painting himself quite black and Mott looked much relieved at the way things were shaping themselves when a keen move by the Senator threw him in a state of trepidation again. If Mott was flurried when Kestler said his named had been forged, he was thunderstruck when Clark was forced to admit that Mott's name to Kestler's vouchers was genuine. The scene in the committee-room when this admission by Clark was made was sensational in the extreme and those who witnessed it if they ever doubted that there was something rotten in Denmark, were convinced by the actions of Mott and Clark. The latter recognized the fix he had placed both Mott and himself in, having only a few minutes previously taken the whole blame on himself and now unwittingly inculpated his chief. It was a sad day for the leader of the great Independent reform movement in the Tar Heel State. With fallen crest Mott left the room and to-day was at the office of Commissioner Raum complaining that certain Senators had access to the files of his office which he was not quite certain was proper with government papers supposed to be sacred and available to Republican officials only.

PICKUP.

On the Same Subject from the Other Side.

Knowing that our correspondent would give some attention to the evidence offered before the Vance committee, Dr. Mott writes the following letter to the *Observer*:

"The Ramsay evidence sent out by or from Vance's committee is easily answered; and the same may be said of Kestler's evidence. Sending up vouchers to the Department here is one thing and getting the money on them is another. They got all the money the government allowed me for them. The report of the committe will show that I accounted for every cent.

Respectfully, J. J. MOTT."

From the Union Republican.

Extracts from Geo. B. Everitt's Card to the Public. Published in the 'Leader' of Tuesday, 13th inst.

Referring to the County Republican Convention, which assembled in the Court House in Winston, on the 3rd inst., he says:

"By holding the township meetings at night and by keeping the place of meeting a secret."

As far as this refers to the Winston township meeting, everybody in this community, who knows anything about it, knows it to be a barefaced lie. He further says:

"The ex-Revenue cabal succeeded in securing as delegates to the County Convention a few dirty men, with dirtier characters."

This comes with good (?) grace from the vile wretch who stands charged with perjury that he might vote the Democratic ticket. He again says the Convention was governed by

"W. H. Wheeler, J. W. Goslen, A. L. Stipe, J. F. Hellen, John Tucker, F. A. Tucker, Eli Mullican, Geo. Elliott, Timothy Boose, H. L. Shore and J. A. Nifong. The rest of the delegates were ignorant and willing puppets in their hands."

This is a *characteristic* complement(?) to the Republican party in this county. To speak of their chosen representatives in such *flattering* terms will doubtless win him deserved popularity(?). Again he says:

"Right here I will say that J. F. Hellen and A. L. Stipe were elected delegates from the Winston township exclusively by the votes of negroes."

This is an infamous lie. I was hundreds of miles from here, and had been absent about a week when the township meeting was held, and did not know that my name would be used in it. I certainly had no idea that I would be a delegate, but I am informed by several white gentlemen, one of them a highly respectable business man that he and a number of white men who were present voted for me.

I certainly esteem it a compliment to receive the unsolicited votes of the colored people and whenever they bestow them on me I promise never to *betray them*. If it is repugnant to his sensitive nature to be voted for by negroes I presume that hereafter they will not force their sufferages upon him. He says:

"Delegate George D. Wise, (col.,) and assistant Secretary Rev. R. Smith, (col..) were the men that went to the Goldsboro colored Convention for the purpose of denouncing me, on money given them by the Hon. Secretary, J. F. Hellen."

This is a lie out of the whole cloth, as I never gave either of them a dime to go to Goldsboro. Again he says:

"Resolutions passed by Convention, prepared by Goslen and Hellen."

Another direct lie, as I never read the resolutions until I read them in the convention. And again he says:

"Resolutions passed by the Negro Convention of Winston slightly modified, and which, was written by J. W. Goslen, the original in his handwriting, being in my possession."

Here he lies on one side or the other, (he can take his choice of sides.) He said, at the Goldsboro convention, that the negro convention here did not pass resolutions condemning him, and he had affidavits to prove it, and now he admits that the negroes did pass these resolutions.

The above named lies can all be fastened on Geo. B. Everitt.

"From this card my fellow-citizens can learn how to treat all future attacks on me, emanating from" this would be maligner.

J. F. HELLEN.

Winston, N. C., June 14, 1882.

[Published by Request.]
From the Union Republican.

To the Public.

In to-day's issue of the Salem *Press* I see a card signed by G. B. Everett assailing me for acts of the Republican County Convention of which I was not a member.

In this he shows his utter disregard for truth, or honesty of principles; also his rare knack of attempting to break down better Republicans than himself.

I was in Alexander county, 60 or 70 miles from Winston, when the convention was held and did not return until yesterday.

I, as a member of the Executive Committee, called a meeting without consulting any Democrats as to time and place and made it as publicly known as I well could and upon enquiry was told that it was generally known all over the township.

The meeting was composed of good men and true Republicans and sent as one of its delegates the man of Everett's own choice, and because he did not desert his Republican principles he is called an ignorant puppet. Everett canvassed the township himself and by Deputies and no doubt would have packed the township meeting if he could have found a sufficient number of fools who would listen to his empty promises.

As to secret meetings and pledged delegates he lies squarely if he applies the sentence to Broadbay township. I always have been willing to submit to the will of a Republican convention, but G. B. Everett is not, for I heard him, in 1880, say that Lineback, who the Republicans put forth as their standard bearer was a disgrace to the county and told Mr. Cook if he would come out as an independent candidate against Mr. Lineback he (Everett) would make a speech at Winston for him and give him all his influence.

I am able to establish all I have said by the sworn testimony of good men, if necessary.

I have no purposes to serve by this card except the honor of the Republican party and my own character, and if I had been a disorganizer as he is I would not have voted for him knowing that he was a galvanized democrat, seeking sustenance from a Republicad teat.

I did not make the attack upon Everett, he comes up and makes a lying attack directly upon me, therefore I feel free to let his light shine and if he does not like it, it will take the less to do him.

I hold myself directly responsible for what I have said, to the glorious old party for which I have fought ever since I have been a voter and leave the people to judge whether I am right or wrong.

F. A. TUCKER.

Waughtown, June 15, 1882.

Storms in the West.

DES MOINES, IOWA, June 23.—Another terrible rain and wind storm passed over Iowa yesterday afternoon. The recently devastated town of Malcolm, in Powieshiek county, was visited for three hours by a pitiless storm. The damage to the goods rescued from Saturday's hurricane is enormous and will probably prove total. At Pleasantville, Marion county, the residence of P. Lyon was badly twisted and the props placed against it on the east side were driven through the wall. Numerous chimneys, sheds and fruit trees in that vicinity were blown down and signs and awnings washed away. It is thought that the damages east and north of there is even more severe.

DUBUQE, IOWA, June 23.—A heavy wind and rain storm prevailed during yesterday afternoon along the lines of the Illinois Central Railway west of here and great damage was done at Independence. Telegraph wires were all prostrated and it is impossible to communicate with that place. From reports of the railroad passengers from that district it appears that the storm struck Independence at a little before 5 o'clock, and wrought great destruction. Fences were torn up, barns wrecked, houses levelled and trees uprooted. Nearly all the business houses were unroofed, and the plate glass smashed. The depot of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railway is said to be a wreck. A bridge across the river is said to have been injured. Sell's circus exhibited at Independence, and the tent was badly damaged. One wagon, containing animals, was lifted bodily from the ground and carried some distance. A large number of people were in town, and many of their horses killed by flying debris and their wagons broken. Two men were killed and a third had an arm broken. At Waterloo the force of the wind was terrific, but it is not known that any serious damage was done. The tents of the military encampment were ruined. The storm struck Dubuqe at 6 o'clock, but no special cial injury was inflicted.

—Robert Farmer Bower died suddenly on Friday the 16th inst., at Keokuk, Iowa, after a brief illness. Mr. Bower was the general grand high priest of Royal Arch Masons at the time of his death, which is the highest official position in the United States representing that ancient body. The Prince of Wales occupies the same office for Great Britain. Mr. Bower has been for many years the recognized authority on all matters relating to freemasonary in this country, and his library relating thereto is one of the largest and most complete in the world. The funeral took place on Monday from the Episcopal church, Bishop Perry and Governor Sherman, of Iowa, officiating. By proclamation the mayor all business houses and banks were closed and the courts also adjourned.

State Items.

—Nine prisoners attempted to break jail at Rockingham, N. C., Monday morning. One was shot dead and the others returned to their cells.

—It is proposed to form a stock corporation at Asheville, N. C., under the name of the Asheville Wood Pulp and Paper Company, to engage in the manufacture of wood pulp and paper, and to build a mill for that purpose.

—We have through the courtesy of Hon. R. F. Armfield, received census bulletin No. 282, showing the following facts of interest with regard to North Carolina: It has a population of 1,399,750; 48,580 square miles; 270,994 families; 264,305 dwellings; 28,81 persons to a square mile; 5,44 dwellings to a square mile; 22,21 acres to a person; 114,73 acres to a family; 5,30 persons to a dwelling; 5,17 persons to a family.—*Landmark.*

—Dr. V. L. Conrad, from Philadelphia, one of the committee sent out by the Northern German immigration society to look up lands in the South upon which to settle German immigrants, has been spending a few days in Charlotte, inspecing the adjacent country to see what the prospect might be for establishing a colony of Germans in the vicinity of Charlotte. He saw several tracts of land which he thought would answer the purpose, and which could be purchased on easy terms, and it is probably that he will settle a colony of these thrifty people among us. The colony of Germans recently settled at Kin'gs Mountain by Dr. Conrad has proved a very successful venture, the Germans being well pleased with their homes, with the country and with the people.—*Charlotte Observer.*

—Our readers doubtless remember the railroad case which was argued before Judge Bond, in the United States Circuit Court at Fall term, 1880, in Greensboro. The case as we understand it is this; Baltzer & Taak, Bankers of New York City vs. Raleigh and Augusta Air Line Railway Company and certain individuals, for iron furnished the Company about 1858. The amount involved is one hundred and fifty thousand dollars with interest from Oct. 1st, 1868. Judge Bond has today filed in the United States District Clerk's office here a decree in favor of the defendants, dismissing the plaintiff's bill, &. It is understood that Judge Bond will file his oipinon hereafter.—*Bugle.*

—Newbern *Journal:* Some time ago we mentioned the fact that cotton seed oil had been introduced as a substitute for lard. Since then Major A. R. Dennison, the proprietor of the oil mill in Newbern, ordered a barrel of the refined oil and pronounces it a complete success. In order to test its qualities he had it used in his family for a week without their knowledge and no one detected it. He thinks it more wholesome than hog's lard. The Major intends establishing a refinery in Newbern at an early day. This discovery will probably give cotton seed quite a boom when it is remembered that the meal is just as good for feed or manure after the oil is taken out as before.

NEWSY PARAGRAPHS.

Oregon goes republican by 1,800 majority.

—The great strike in the iron trade is as good as over.

—Born—At St. Petersburg, a daughter to the Czar of Russia.

—Seventeen-year locusts have appeared at Geneseo, Livingston county, N. Y.

—The Massachusetts medical society has again declined to admit women doctors to membership.

—Ex-Vice-President Wheeler declines to accept the position tendered him on the tariff commission.

—Ten thousand immigrants arrived at Castle Garden an Saturday and Sunday.

—The Grand Army boys held their national convention in Baltimore, this week.

—The army worm is doing great damage to crops in Kentucky and Ohio.

—Forest fires in Wisconsin have destroyed thirty million feet of standing pine.

—Evangelist Moody is traveling in Germany for the benefit of his son's health.

—United States Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, has been re-elected to a fifth term.

—Mr. Gladstone's cabinet may be dissolved on account of differences over the repression bill.

—The star route prosecutions drizzle along at Washington with small prospect of securing a convintion.

—A powder magazine at Davenport, Ia., was struck by lightning, Saturday, and blew up with terrific force.

—Six hundred Chinese landed at Victoria, B. C., Monday, from Hong Kong. They were penned on the steamers like so many hogs.

—A bill has been introduced in Congress to build a new White-House, which will just double the old structure.

—The Maine Republicans have nominated Frederick Robie, of Gorham, for Governor, and Messrs. Reed, Dingley, Boutelle and Milliken, for Congress.

—The defense in the Mallay murder trial, at New Haven, Conn., is expected to call its last witness this week. An acquittal is generally looked for.

—It has been ascertained that the South has this season paid to the North about $200,000,000 for wheat, corn, meats, hay, butter, apples, potatoes and other necessaries of life.

—Michael Davitt, the Irish agitator and founder of the land league, has arrived in this country and addressed large meetings at New York and Boston. He disclaims any wish to antagonize Parnell.

—Both houses of Congress have agreed to retire officers from the army at the age of 64 years. This action will discharge Gen. Sherman from the head of the army, December 1, 1884.

—The Vermont Republicans have nomited Lieut. Gov. Barstow for Governor, Col. Samuel E. Pingree, of Hartford for Lieut. Governor, and W. H. Dubois for Treasurer.

—The state of Egypt is rapidly growing worse. Arabi Bey is attempting to stop the exodus of Europeans, but his efforts are vain. The banks at Alexandria are preparing for a siege.

—A rising in Ireland is feared. Guards and sentries all over the country have been doubled. The British House of Commons has passed the clause of the repression bill providing for the arrest of strangers found under suspicious circumstances.

—Two tanks, one containing 35,000 and the other 30,000 barrels of oil, at Olean, N. Y., on the United Pipe Line, were struck by lightning on Monday and set on fire. About thirty other tanks were struck by lightning in various parts of the oil field, and several thousand barrels of oil were lost.

—The London *Standard's* Alexandria correspondent telegraphs that he is informed on the best authority that if France and England interfere actively in Egyptian affairs Arabi Pacha will blow up the Suez Canal, cut the railway to Cairo and oppose the landing of European troops in Alexandria. If beaten he will retire to the desert, where he is promised the support of 30,000 Bedouins, partisans of Prince Halim.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

—A special from Fort Stanton says that the Mescelero Indians have broken out, and the Indian police had killed some prisoners who tried to escape from the fort. Montesela, the War Chief, is on the side of the agent, and is fighting the Indians. The agent was fired on and wounded twice. Troops will be sent to the spot immediately.

CLEAVELAND, June 23.—A remarkable tidal wave swept the Lake front here at 6 o'clock this morning. The wave was about 2 miles wide and 4 feet higher than the surface of the Lake. It came in the wake of a dense, angry-looking black and gray cloud, which moved sullenly from the northward over the city. There was no rain nor wind at the Lake shore. The peers and docks were submerged to a depth of four feet in some places, and hundreds of fish were cast ashore. The damage to the property along the shore is estimated at $30,000. So far only one life is known to be lost.

—Composed of the known tonics, iron and cinchona, with well known aromatics, is Brown's Iron Bitters. It cures indigesfion, and all kindred troubles.

—A sure cure for impoverished blood, pimples and sallow complexion, is Brown's Iron Bitters. It will produce a healthy color, smooth skin, and is absolutely not injurious.

A Traveler's Story.

After spending months at watering places and consulting the best physicians without benefit, I returned home disheartened and expected to die. A friend urged a trial of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Three bottles and careful diet have brought me excellent health and spirits, and I hope experience may benefit similar sufferers.—Cincimati. See other column.

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe*.

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 22, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.
JOSEPH BURDITT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1881.
The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure cure every time*.
JULIUS W. DEE.

MOINGONA, IOWA, March 12, 1881.
I have used your PAIN KILLER in severe cases of cramp, colic, and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief.
L. E. CALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 28, 1881.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures*. Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house.
J. B. IVIE.

SACO, ME., Jan. 28, 1881.
Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable*. No mother should allow it to be out of the family.
H. I. NATES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1881.
We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house.
W. O. SPERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house.
DR. E. MORTON.

U. S. CONSULATE,
CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 8, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity*.
L. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.
H. J. NOONE.

21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.
R. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors,
Providence, R. I.

NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of the late Jonah Faw, on the 2d day of June, 1882, NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said Jonah Faw, to make immediate payment and settlement to me, or the claims will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me lawfully authenticated on or before the 10th day of June, 1883, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

AMOS FAW, Administrator.
June 8, 1882.-4t.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$1 00	to	1 10
Corn, per bushel,	1 00	to	1 10
Oats, " "	50	to	70
Rye, " "	00	to	1 15
Barley, per bush	00	to	00
Flour, per hundred,	3 00	to	3 25
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	1 15	to	1 25
Peas, (white,) " "	1 25	to	1 50
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00	to	00
Beans, (white,) " "	00	to	00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00	to	00
Pork,	8	to	10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	12	to	14
" Hams	12	to	15
Green Apples per bushel,	00	to	00
Eggs, per dozen,	10	to	15
Butter, per pound,	20	to	25
Tallow, " "	3	to	8
Beeswax, " "	20	to	21
Flax Seed, per bushel	80	to	90
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	60	to	70
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00	to	00
Cabbage, per pound,	00	to	0
Chickens, per dozen,	2 00	to	2 50
Hay, per hundred,	60	to	70
Fodder, per hundred bdls.,	00	to	00
Shucks, per hundred lbs.,	00	to	00
Blackberries,	0	to	00
Whorttleberries	0	to	00
Dried Cherries	0	to	00
Dried Apples	0	to	00

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs Common Red	3 50	to	4 50
" Good	5 50	to	7 00
" Bright	6 00	to	7 00
" Good	8 50	to	9 00
" Fine	10 00	to	15 00
Fillers Common	6 00	to	7 00
" Good	9 00	to	10 00
" Fine	10 00	to	14 00
Wrappers Common	15 00	to	18 00
" Good	30 00	to	40 00
" Fine	40 00	to	50 00
" Fancy	50 00	to	75 00

—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Billious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infalible remedy: never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and all other remedies had failed. They are prepared expressly for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker, sugar-coated; contain no Quinine or Mercury, causing no griping or purging; they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Liver Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the worst case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 15 and 50 cent boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 cents. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street, New York.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

The Best, Cleanest and most Economical Hair Dressing. Never Fails to Restore the youthful color to grey hair. 50c and $1 sizes at druggists.

Floreston Cologne. A new and exceedingly fragrant and lasting perfume. Price 25 and 75c.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Pure Family Medicine that Never Intoxicates.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you have Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves you can be cured by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives it may save yours.

HISCOX & CO., 163 William St., New York. 50c. and one dollar sizes, at all dealers in medicines.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

Waughtown Academy,
Male and Female.

FALL SESSION will begin Tuesday August 1st, 1882. Board, $6 to $8 per month. Tuition, $10 to $15 per session of 20 weeks. For further particulars address

W. B. WAFF, Principal,
Salem P. O., N. C.

June 15, 1882.-24-2m.

R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N. C.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 4.00. a. m., and every day at 5.30, p. m. Due every day, by 10:20, a. m., and every day except Sunday, by 11.45, a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Tobaccoville, Dalton, Bliss and Flat Shoals. Closes every day except Sunday at 7:00, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton Walnut Cove and Meadows. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:00, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

YADKINVILLE, via Winston, Lewisville, Panther Creek Conrad's and Charity closes every day except Sunday at 6:00, a. m. Due every day except Sunday by 3, p. m.

ROCKFORD, via Vienna, Shore and East Bend and Richmond Hill. Closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:30, a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6, p. m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Advance and Elbaville. Closes every Tuesday and Friday at 6:00, a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday by 7, p. m.

H. L. SHORE, P. M.

GEO. E. NISSEN & CO.,
SALEM, N. C.,
WAGON MANUFACTURERS.

Using only the best of materials, we make the best of work, and warrant every job. We have the oldest and largest Wagon Works, and our wagons have the best reputation of any in the State. Every Wagon bears the name "J. P. NISSEN, Salem, P. O., N. C." Write for prices. Refer to all who are using our Wagons.

FORK ACADEMY.

FALL SESSION will open August 8th, 1882. Tuition moderate. Good board can be obtained for $7.50 per month.

Address
J. T. ALDERMAN, Principal.
Fork Church, P. O., Davie Co., N. C.

FIVE LOTS IN WINSTON FOR SALE—Two in West Winston, near the residence of W. B. Glenn, and three East of the Court-House, near the residence of Christ. Tavis. All good building lots. Apply early at this office.

JOB PRINTING of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

Seminal Pastille

An entirely New and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Seminal Emissions and Impotency.

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G CHEMISTS,
Market and 8th Streets, ST. LOUIS, MO.

LOOK OUT!

N. T. SHORE & CO.,
SALEM, N. C.

HAVING carried on the GROCERY BUSINESS for the past 12 months, we announce to the citizens of Salem, Winston and vicinity, and the public generally, that we intend in the future, as in the past, to keep the best stock of

Family Groceries,

ever offered in this market.

Good Coffee at from 15 to 25 cents. Best qualities of Sugar. Good Tea, as cheap as the cheapest. Best Rice, Barley Hominy, Grits and Oatmeal. Best quality of Spices constantly on hand. Soda and Lemon Biscuits, and Ginger Snaps, fresh from the bakery. Royal Baking Powders, best in use.

Canned Goods.

Oysters, Sardines, Salmon.

Plain and Fancy Candies.

No. 1 Syrup, as good as the best. No 2 and 5 Syrup and Cuba and New Orleans Molasses. Baker's Chocolate.

CHOICE BACON AND LAR
AND GOOD FLOUR AND MEAL
always on hand,

No. 1 Apple Vinegar. White Wine Vinegar Mackerel. Best Kerosene Oil. Candles. Matches. J. & P. Coats' Thread. Cigars. Black Mountain, Durham and Little Joker Smoking Tobacco. Chewing Tobacco, and Snuff, as good as can be found in this market. Soaps and Starch in any quantity. Crockery, Glassware and Lamp Goods, with many other articles too tedious to mention.

Country Produce

Bought for Cash or Barter.

CALL AND SEE US.

Thanking you for your kind patronage we hope to merit a continuance of the same.

N. T. SHORE & CO.,
West side of Public Square, Salem, N. C.
Salem, N. C., May 12, 1881.-18.

THE BEST OF ALL LINIMENTS FOR MAN AND BEAST.

For more than a third of a century the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known to millions all over the world as the only safe reliance for the relief of accidents and pain. It is a medicine above price and praise—the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the

MEXICAN

Mustang Liniment is without an equal. It penetrates flesh and muscle to the very bone—making the continuance of pain and inflammation impossible. Its effects upon Human Flesh and the Brute Creation are equally wonderful. The Mexican

MUSTANG

Liniment is needed by somebody in every house. Every day brings news of the agony of an awful scald or burn subdued, of rheumatic martyrs restored, or a valuable horse or ox saved by the healing power of this

LINIMENT

which speedily cures such ailments of the HUMAN FLESH as Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It heals without scars.

For the BRUTE CREATION it cures Sprains, Swinny, Stiff Joints, Founder, Harness Sores, Hoof Diseases, Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Scab, Hollow Horn, Scratches, Windgalls, Spavin, Thrush, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil, Film upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occupants of the Stable and Stock Yard are liable.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment always cures and never disappoints; and it is, positively,

THE BEST OF ALL LINIMENTS FOR MAN OR BEAST.

IMMENSE NURSERY STOCK.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Apple, Peach, Pear and Cherry Trees, Grape Vines and Strawberry Plants etc,
ever grown at the
CEDAR COVE NURSERIES,
is now offered for fall planting to the fruit planting public.

All the new as well as the old leading sorts of all kinds of hardy fruits are grown there.

Orders early.

Send name and address for catalogue with prices.

Address
N. W. CRAFT,
Shore, Yadkin County, N. C.
May 25, 1882.-21-9 mo.

Dr. BUTTS DISPENSARY.

Established 1847 at 12 N. 8th Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Physicians in charge of this old and well known institution are regular graduates in medicine and surgery. Years of Experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases have made their skill and ability so much superior to that of the ordinary practitioner, that they have acquired a national reputation through their treatment of complicated cases.

INDISCRETION OR EXPOSURE

YOUNG MEN

PATIENTS TREATED by Mail and Express.

DR. BUTTS, 12 North 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Two Three Cent Stamps.—On receipt of two three cent stamps the undersigned will send two sets of four card each, of different designs, suitable for Albums or Card Books.

J. H. GOODWIN,
150 Franklin Street, Baltimore, M. D.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1882.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Oh!

—Dust.

—Apricots.

—New cider.

—Palm leaf fans.

—Blackberries ripe.

—Early roasting ears.

—To-morrow is the 30th.

—Strawberry season over.

—Grapes will be abundant.

—Home cured bacon in demand.

—Next Tuesday is the 4th of July.

—Full Moon July 1st, 12.47, A. M.

—Next Sunday, July 2nd, the Virgin Mary starts on her visit.

—Albert Brietz has a stalk of wheat measuring six feet in length.

—B. F. Crosland has had the paint brush applied to his store-building.

—Dr. Goodman, of Tyler, Texas, is at Salem, visiting his daughter Mattie, in Salem Academy.

—A number of persons complain of their cabbage being damaged by the little striped bugs.

—Miss Rebecca Padgett, of Davidson County, presented us with a very large Early Rose potatoe of her raising.

—S. A. Veach left for St. Louis, Mo., on last Sunday evening, to visit his brother there, who is sick.

—We plucked the first roasting ears of the season on Tuesday morning. Corn and beans are not bad to take.

—The new bridge over the Salem mill race, at the lower end of Main street, is finished. And a good job it is.

—W. P. Reynolds of Sunny Side Farm, has favored us with a nice basket of Early Rivers peaches and apples. Thanks.

—The scholars of Elm Street Sunday School held their annual picnic on last Thursday in the woods near the Waughtown church.

—Mrs. Cicero Harris was present at the Commencement exercises of Salem Academy, and was the guest of Mrs. R. A. Jenkins.

—On last Saturday H. D. Lott found an Irish potatoe in his patch which measured nine inches in length and eight inches in width.

The bewitching smile of a pretty girl,
Lifts a young man's heart from its socket;
And an ice cream saloon and a pretty girl
Often lifts the last dime from his pocket.

—R. D. McCuiston, of Broadbay township, has a hen 12 years old that still contributes her share of eggs by laying one every day.

—Miss Emma Fisher celebrated her 18th birthday on Monday night, with a party, at which she and a number of her young friends enjoyed themselves finely.

—Mrs. R. L. Patterson and family, Miss Carrie Patterson, Miss Lula Fries and Mrs. L. Fries, are all at Palmyra, Happy Valley, the home of S. S. Patterson.

—Yadkinville High School closed for the summer vacation on last Saturday. A large number of persons were present, and everything passed off pleasantly.

—Day's length 14 hours 24 minutes. We have turned the point, as the days have declined 2 minutes in length. 181 days have passed since New Years. 184 yet to come before the end of year.. 176 days till Christmas.

—Some people, it seems, always find something to complain at, and the more trifling the thing the more they complain. We actually heard a farmer once complaining because his razor wouldn't shave good after he had used it half a day to cut sugar cane.

—An exchange says the common fly has minute teeth. We never examined a fly's mouth to see whether they had teeth or not but we are fully convinced that they have some kind of an arrangement for biting, and pretty severely too.

—The Wachovia Concert Cornet Club Band will give a grand Promenade Concert and Festival in Male Academy Square, Winston, on the night of July 4th. Good music and the best of refreshments will be on hand in abundance. Every body is respectfully invited.

—The following young ladies of our town are at Chapel Hill Normal School: Miss M. Mack and sister, Miss Lillie Veach, Misses Maggie Brietz, Jessie Winkler, Mollie Butner, leave for Chapel Hill to day. There may be others from this section, but we have no information.

—On Tuesday after dinner those of our citizens living in the lower part of Main street who indulge in a little afternoon nap, were aroused from their slumbers by strains of music, which they found, upon going to their doors, emanated from a banjo, in the hands of a darkey, who rattled the "old time" instrument in regular Joe Sweeny style.

"Farewell, my dears," the old hen said,
As her chicks were taken away,
"No more will your little feet tread
In the old barn-yard far away."

The little chicks with a tear in each eye,
Bid their poor old mother good-bye;
Then off to town they were hied,
Sold at high prices and—fried.

LINEBACK'S ORCHARD.—This is the pioneer peach orchard in this section. The trees are laden with fine fruit, and extensive shipping has been going on for over two weeks. So far, Messrs. Lineback lead in the quantity shipped. It is worth a walk to see their model packing establishment, now in full operation. The arrangement was highly approved at the late fruit growers convention, and it certainly deserved it. Much of the overripe fruit is sold in town and dried by the evaporating process.

—James Fishel presented us with a lot of the finest Early Rose variety of potatoes we have seen this season. The potato crop is exceptionably good throughout North Carolina, and every where else.

Mrs. Turner also handed us a lot of very large potatoes.

—Rev. John H. Clewell and his bride were at the old homestead in this place, for a few days last week and left for their home in Urichsville, Ohio, on Thursday last. His presence in our sanctum and printing office was pleasant, and reminded us of the days, when, as a boy, he learned the art preservative of arts with us. Our best wishes attend him and his fair consort through life.

—The old buck which escaped from the Academy park several months ago, got to foraging in the gardens about town and damaging vegetation to such an extent that orders were given to shoot him. Several parties were out after him lately, but he managed to always elude them, until Wednesday of last week when he was shot by E. A. DeSchweinitz. When dressed he weighed 69 pounds.

—Dr. I. T. Lemly, of Eldorado, Montgomery county, was in town visiting his parents. We regret to learn that the Dr. lost his wife by death a few weeks since, leaving an infant child. She died on Thursday last, at the early age of 35 years. We sympathize with the family and friends of the deceased, especially with Dr. Lemly, as this is his third bereavement in the course of a few years.

DEATH OF W. F. ROWMAN.—A few weeks since we noticed that Mr. Bowman was stricken down with paralysis, and though in a critical condition, hopes were entertained of at least a partial recovery. On Thursday last, however, he breathed his last, leaving a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his loss, in the 62nd year of his age. Mr. Bowman was a native of Guilford county, residing at High Point for a number of years. Upon the organization of the Wachovia National Bank he was elected President, and moved to Winston, where he made hosts of friends. The funeral services were held at the M. E. Church, of which he was a faithful member for upwards of 32 years. His remains were interred in the beautiful Woodland Cemetery.

—Next Tuesday; July 4th, will be celebrated in Winston by grand military parades of companies from Durham, Charlotte, Grreensboro and the Winston Light Infantry, headed by the Wachovia Concert Cornet Band—30 pieces. There will also be a parade of the Winston Steam Fire Engine and Company. Shooting matches for prizes will take place between the military companies, the presentation of prizes to the successful contestants by E. E. Gray, Esq. An oration will be delivered by a prominent gentleman, &c. In the afternoon the renowned King Kalico will appear at the head of his laughcreating troup of Fantastics, and parade through the streets. Capt. Sam Robinson's Rag-Muffins will also appear on the streets and present a scene of ridiculous raggedness as has never before been seen.

—Joe Johnson (col.), an old gardener about town, says he has met with considerable success in getting rid of the bugs that destroy cabbage, by getting dirt from under an old house and sprinkling it on the cabbage while the dew is on it. After Joe had finished telling his experience with bugs it brought forth the joke about an old Dutchman who once went about peddling a kind of bug poison. After selling a vial of it to a farmer, he started to leave when the farmer called him back and ask him for directions for applying the poison.

"Vell, mine frent," answered the Dutchman, "You yust catch der pug, open his mout und put a drop of der poisin in it. You find dot it kills him det as nefer vas."

"Yes," said the farmer, seeing that he was sold, "if I have to catch each bug to poison it why not just pull their heads off at once?"

"Yaw, dot ish a goot vay too," answered the peddler in bug poison, as he shouldered his pack and left.

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District, for the week ending Saturday, June 24, 1882.

Monday	$4,113 94
Tuesday	4,766 90
Wednesday	6,232 41
Thursday	3,901 40
Friday	4,009 61
Saturday	4,267 98
Total	$27,292 24

—There have been some dealers here who have had their peanuts roasted in Richmond and then shipped here. Now they are first rate when they *first come*, but in a few days they are *stale* and not healthy. So now come to the Happy Corner and get *fresh roasted Peanuts* at the same price as you have to pay for the old sorry ones.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BROADBAY TOWNSHIP.

—A. M. Enochs and T. T. Spach commenced threshing wheat, on Monday last.

—Only four gates across the plank road between Salem and Teaguetown.

—Mr. Messer very kindly showed us two pear trees in his orchard that were planted in 1799—83 years ago. They are full of fruit this season, and Mr. Messer remarked, while we were looking at them: "The editors of the *Press* can fix their teeth for some of them, for I intend to take them a basket full."

—Widow Charlotte Charles informs us that she has had this season twenty-four swarms of bees from fourteen old stands. Bees seem to be doing a good business this season.

—Mr. Snider found a swarm of bees in a large ash tree in his bottom. Sandy says he intends to let them alone until cold weather. Then he will see the inside of the tree.

—Henry Enochs seems to be doing the greater part of the mowing in Broadbay township on South Fork. Henry has a good machine and knows how to use it.

—J. M. Charles showed us a bunch of winter oats containing two hundred and forty-four stalks supposed to have all come from one grain, as they form a complete mass and cannot be separated.

S. A. H.

WINSTON LOCALS.

COMPILED FROM THE LEADER.

—W. T. Pfohl is erecting a store house on the corner of Old Town and Sixth Streets.

—Mr. J. M. Pegram looked after the interest of the guests of the Central Hotel, while Mr. Hester was visiting in Caswell.

—The *Reporter* saw in Danbury last week, two stout men pulling a plow while the third held the plow and did the plowing.

—We are pleased to see Mr. Eugene Albea among us again. He has recovered from the effects of the accident at High Point recently.

—Another tobacco factory for Winston. Bailey Bros. have begun the erection of a brick factory. This runs up the number to twenty-one.

—Mr. A. H. Stevens died at the residence of his brother-in-low, Mr. George Lambeth, on Sunday morning last. The funeral at the Baptist church last Monday morning.

—The first water melons of the season appeared on our market last Thursday. They were imported from Georgia, and reduced the size of the pocket-book from 50 to 75 cents.

—The Wachovia National Bank was closed Thursday and Friday last, in respect to the death of its President, Mr. W. F. Bowman. The first National Bank was closed Friday, for same reason.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Seddon, an English lady, and mother of Mr. J. M. Seddon, of this place, died at her son's residence Monday morning about 2 o'clock. She was about 64 years of age. Funeral at St. Paul's church, Monday 4½ o'clock, p. m.

—The members of the Baptist Sunday School gave an ice-cream festival, in connection with a pantomime entertainment, in the armory last Friday night. A pleasant evening, replenishing the Sunday School Treasury with about fifty dollars.

—Ferdinand Black shot Bessie King on Sunday morning last. The ball entered the right arm just above the wrist and went in about an inch. It was extracted by Dr. Hay. Both colored children. Another commentary upon the dangerous use of fire-arms in the hands of children.

—Friday morning last Mr. Henry Smith, with his wife, child and nurse, were on their way to town, and when they reached Atwood's hill the horse became frightened at the appearance of goats, and became unmanageable. Mr. Smith in his efforts to curb the excited animal, was thrown from the buggy. The horse then ran to the opposite side of the road, and suddenly whirling the vehicle around, threw the remaining occupants out. Mrs. Smith was severely bruised about the head—the hair was torn off in several places. The child also received wounds about the head. The nurse was injured about the hips. The wounds are painful, but none of them thought to be serious. Dr. Hay was immediately sent for and rendered medical assistance. It was a narrow escape for three lives.

PROGRAMME FOR THE 4TH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN WINSTON.—8½ o'clock a. m., Shooting matches between the different companies for prizes. The shooting will be in the eastern part of town.

1 o'clock, parade in the following order:
Hornest Nest Riflemen,
Winston Light Infantry,
Guilford Grays,
Winston Steam Fire Engine and Company,
Carriages containing the orators of the day,

The procession will parade some of the principal streets and then proceed to the Reservation where the prizes will be presented to the successful men by E. E. Gray, Esq. An oration will be delivered.

2 p. m., Parade of "King Kaliko" and his Fantastic Brigade.

3 p. m., Capt. Sam Robinson's Ragmuffins will parade.

5. p. m., Competitive drill of companies for prize.

8 p. m., Grand Promenade Concert by Wachovia Cornet Concert Club.

—A young man by the name of William M. Graves committed suicide, in Winston, on Saturday last. The circumstances so far as we can learn, leads one to believe that the rash act of taking his own life, was brought about by the use of liquor, and mental depression, with which we are not familiar. He had been a resident of Winston about a month, having formerly lived in Danville. On Friday he was noticed to be in a depressed mood and made several suicidal remarks in the hearing of parties with whom he was acquainted. He was in the employ of Mr. H. D. Poindexter and did not go to business Saturday morning; but procured 2 ounces of laudanum, from one of our drug stores, under the pretense that he wanted it for a customer. He then went to his room, at Mrs. Terry's, and locking himself up, took the fatal dose. At noon an unsuccessful endeavor was made to enter the room. About four o'clock Mr. Tate entered the room by a window, on the porch, and found him dead and stiff. His remains were taken to Danville Sunday evening, accompanied by Mr. Thos. Stiger.

Stokes County Items.

From the Danbury Reporter and Post.

—Reports continue to reach us from every section of the county that tobacco is not doing well.

—The instruments for the Danbury brass band have been ordered, and are expected to arrive in a few days.

—The stock law was defeated last Saturday by a large majority, and it is said it was not a good day for voting either.

—There is a grape vine of the Clinton variety at Pepper's tobacco warehouse which bore last year ten bushels of grapes, and which promises to produce this year at least fifteen bushels. It was set out by the late Dr. Pepper, about five years ago. It is surely a strange fact that more vines are not planted in this county. There is no fruit more wholesome or delicious than a good grape.

The Railroad Meeting.

The preliminary meeting of those in favor of agitating the building of a railroad from Walnut Cove, Stokes County, N. C., to Patrick C. H., Va., was held on Saturday night according to our report in last week's issue of the *Reporter and Post*. Messrs. S. B. Taylor, N. M. Pepper, R. B. Glenn and Jos. Bradsold were appointed a committee on arrangements. They will invite Col. Heck, of Raleigh, Col. Penn of Patrick C. H., Col. Morehead, of Greensboro, and others to deliver addresses at the mass meeting to be held here on the 17th of July.

The promptness with which our suggestions on this subject have been responded to affords the assurance that our people are at last awakened to their true interests. The truth is, that we are determined to have railroad facilities.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

We have this day put our large stock of *Parasols* down at cost. Call early and get a good shade *cheap*.

FINCH BRO.

Davidson Items.

From the Dispatch.

—The Democratic county convention meets on the first of July. One week remains for holding township meetings. This matter should not be overlooked.

—The threshing machine began work on J. H. Welborn's wheat Wednesday afternoon. Before night some of it was ground and baked for supper, and the next day some of it was on the Raleigh market. The yield was twenty-six bushels per acre.

—The growing tobacco crop now claims the attention of the country editor. W. P. Redwine informs us that on Monday he saw a plant in William Cameron's field, measuring three feet across. If there is much like that in the field there will be a big crop of it.

—A. C. Hege has been shipping peaches to New York every day for more than a week. Up to the present he has shipped about two hundred crates, and they are all from his own orchard. He keeps a number of hands constantly employed in picking, assorting and packing the fruit.

Mr. Hege is a pioneer in the fruit business. His fine grapes and wine are favorably known all over the State.—[EDS. PRESS.]

—All sorts and sizes empty Boxes for sale cheap by FINCH & BRO.

EDITORS OF PRESS:—

That epitome of feminine humbugs Mary, Queen of Scots, is accredited with the statement, that, at her death, the motto "France" would be found engraven upon her heart. Wherever the mortuary decree may reach me, upon my left ventricle will be found stamped the talismanic word "Salem." It would be difficult for me to convey to your readers the "in-esse" of this etching. Whenever the word "Salem" is introduced, there rise before me *two* pictures. The one an upright cabinet painting of a laughing-eyed, golden-haired, sweet girl of 17 summers; summers for the warmth of her heart would preclude "winter" from the schedule of her existence. Underneath this, in my mental picture gallery, hangs an oblong sketch of days of travel in rumbling, creaking stages, drawn by snorting, trampling horses, driven by a homespun-clad, shouting driver. We plunge into dark, picturesque glens, through which runs a shaleing, roaring streamlet: we break out into the sultry, monotonous, open country; and anon scramble, and rasp, up and adown some mountain range, from whose sides, at intervals, crop out vistas that would enrich the portfolio of the artist. And when we reach the summit, and the driver descends from his seat, to wipe his brows and gaze anxiously at his panting, sweating team, the eye gazes over a landscape which suggests the world laid out at our feet. The landscape and the cabinet picture are supported by two ovals. Upon one side we see the laughing-eyed girl of 56, resting upon her crutch, and gazing out upon surroundings that have to *her* an inexpressible charm; upon the other is suspended the presentment of the "Salutatorian of '82"—mother and child. Need I elaborate the emotions, which arise upon this my first visit to old Salem, rendered the more bizarre with vague, dreamy impressions of a cozy sleeper and a cosmopolitan conductor, in lieu of the old, lumbering stage coach and its provincial driver; while *athwart* reveries of the "French Broad" and the "Blue Ridge" *range* utterly too too romantic, savage scenery and entertwined gradients, tunnels, and tressels. Let me confess it, I am dazed with my trip, accompanied by rush and roar, and terminating in the quiet and comfort of a seat in the long, shady porch of Butner's Hotel. The fact is I didn't know *where* I am, precisely; and can only grasp the situation, when I glance up and adown the tree-encanopied thoroughfare before me; just above the housetops rises the cornice of the Academy building. The swinging sign, to my left, locates my thoughts. The "Salem Hotel!" I am in Salem—a town possessing more of the *unique* in architecture, the *magnetic* in social life, add the *true humanity* of existence, than any other locality in the known world. And I say what I say advisedly, coolly, and aggressively, challenging the most extended traveller to produce a duplicate (of the superficies of this venerable burgh) in which appears so much of the true, the picturesque and the good. Its influence upon the morale of our Southland girls is only equalled by the almost sublime affection with which the pupils of Salem Female Academy regard their "alma mater." But *cui bono*, all this elaborate analysis of sentiment, archæology, and sociology. I started out to give my impressions of the *annual* commencement of '82; and, instead of plunging in *medias res*, I am dabbling in the inlets and eddies along the verge. As a valedictory I will say, that, *intrinsically* the town is a living exponent of the *possibilities* of true happiness in a quiet, conservative existence. Numberless are the places which exhibit the feverish unrest of rapid development: *legion* is the name of localities which present the false bloom, the verdure of decay (or retrogression); but for its charming quaintness, social culture, and vital conservatism, its individualistic antiquity this weird footprint of Count Zinzendorf may safely "claim the palm." In its crystallization of morality, content and thrift, glazed with an atmosphere of melody and art, it may well stand the "Eddystone light" amid the shoals and reefs of American progress.

My visit was an agreeable episode in itself; but rendered more complete by the admirable discourse upon "Herrnhutt," and its history, delivered upon Sabbath evening, by Mr. Rondthaler: a fit closing to a most gratifying series of experiences of an interesting place I had long wished to visit. I had intended indulging in some reportorial work upon the "Academy" and its charming pleasure grounds; the quaint old "sister's house"; your church and its magnificent organ, the pathos and beauty of a funeral service I was privileged to witness, and many other things; but my experiences assumed so much the form of a "charming idyll," in a rather hum-drum life, that I dared not quit the romance and the tenderness of my memories of Salem, to attempt either technique or practique. In a a future article I would like to recite what I saw in Salem; at present I can only close by dovetailing fragmentary Latin, and exclaiming,

"Vale. Pax vobiscum."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

—100 good empty Syrup and Molasses Barrells for sale cheap at FINCH BROS.

—During a sharp thunder storm, Tuesday, in Charleston, the beautiful Confederate monument on the State-house grounds was struck by lightning and the life-size white marble figure of the soldier surmounting it dashed to the ground and demolished. The bolt struck the rim of his hat and glanced off, entering the base and shivering it. The head of the soldier was cut off and the mass of what was one of the handsomest pieces of monumental sculpture in the country lies at the base utterly wrecked.—*Patriot.*

FINE FRUITS

In packages of any quantity, pecks, bushels or crates, to suit purchasers, delivered in Winston or Salem, such as Peaches, Pears and Grapes in their season, at reasonable rates for the quality. For fine peaches order now.

Address N. W. CRAFT,
Cedar Cove Nursery,
Shore, Yadkin Co., N. C.
June 22, 1882.-2t.

—Best ever made, Emory's Little Cathartic Pills; pleasant to take, sugar-coated; no griping; only 15 cents a box, of Druggists or by mail. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street, New York.

A VIGOROUS GROWTH

Of the hair is often promoted by using Parker's Hair Balsam. It always restores the youthful color and lustre to gray hair, gives it new life and removes all irritation and dandruff.

EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS LOST.

"You do not tell me that your husband is up and entirely cured by so simple a medicine as Parker's Ginger Tonic?" "Yes, indeed, I do," said Mrs. Benjamin to her neighbor, "and after we had lost eighty-five dollars in doctor's bills and prescriptions. Now my husband feels as well as ever.

NEWS

From The Happy Corner.

OUR MANY CUSTOMERS have persuaded us to buy a first-class

Peanut Roaster,

and now we have one in full blast, and those who would like to have first-class hand-picked, Virginia Peanuts, fresh roasted every day, can do so by calling on FINCH BROS.; and as we have bought a large lot first-class Peanuts, we will sell them at *wholesale* to dealers, *raw* or *roasted*, same as you can by them at Richmond with freight added.

Salem, N. C. June 29, 1882.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—Paints and Oils, a full line at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lewis' White Lead at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Call at H. W. FRIES Store for gentlemens' Fine Shoes.

—Lithia Water for sale by the gallon at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lamps and all Lamp Goods at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

FINE SHOES.

Just received the largest stock of FINE SHOES, ever brought to this market,—all Ziegler Brothers manufacture.

Also a large line of Carpet samples.

H. W. FRIES.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed MONTAGUE & GRAY and GRAY & WILSON.

—Those wishing to try our Teas can obtain samples free.

GRAY & MARTIN.

—Fullest line of Toilet Articles and Perfumery in the towns at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

—Just received at the Salem Book Store a new supply of the

KEYSTONE HANDY PENCIL TABLET,
of all sizes. Also the
KEYSTONE COMPANION CASE, WITH PEN & WIPER.

BIRTHDAY CARDS in great variety are on hand. The larger and more expensive styles can be ordered if applied for in time at SALEM BOOK STORE.

—It is always *best* to buy your stationery at a regular bookstore. We keep the best pens, ink, paper and school books, at the Salem Bookstore.

—School Children's Autograph Album, only 10 cents. It is neat and pretty. At Salem Bookstore.

—Pure Linen Pads, ruled and unruled, for foreign correspondence, cheap and good, at Blum's Salem Bookstore

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but **act directly on the inflamed parts,** allaying irritation, give relief in **Asthma, Bronchitis, Cough, Catarrh,** and the **Throat Troubles** which **Singers** and **Public Speakers** are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. WADE H. BYNUM.

THE LATEST ARRIVAL OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

HINSHAW & BYNUM,

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS

—AND—

RETAIL DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

WINSTON, N. C., MAY 20TH, 1882.

Our unequaled facilities for handling goods, and our steadily increasing trade plainly show that we are making it to the interest of all classes to trade with us.

OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS

are separate from our RETAIL STORE, and are fitted up especially for the business. In these departments we carry a large and well selected stock of Goods, bought with an eye to the wants of the merchants of the surrounding country. Our prices compare favorably with those of the leading houses both in this State and in Richmond, Va. A large proportion of these goods we buy direct from first hands, in original packages, and not only secure the lowest prices obtainable, but also save all the discounts. We sell at Factory Prices:

T. Miles and Son's Philadelphia Hand Made Shoes,

J. & P. COATS' SPOOL COTTON. BELLEMONT.

CRANITE & RANDLEMAN PLAIDS,

Fries' Jeans, Cottonades,

BUNCH COTTON & ARISTA SHEETING,

THOMASVILLE SHOES, &C,

The Merchants of the surrounding counties will save money by giving us their orders.

OUR RETAIL STORE IS EQUALED BY NONE IN WESTERN N. C.

—WE SELL AT LOWEST PRICES—

Dress Goods, Notions, Trimmings, Laces, Fringes, Hamburgs, Cottonades, Linen Drills, Jeans, Cassimeres, Clothing, Stetton Hats, Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Umbrellas, Parasols, Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Leads, Syrup, Coffee, Sugar, Salt, Leather, Meat, Lard, Flour, Corn, Ship Stuff, Nails, Horse and Mule Shoes, Hoes, Mattocks, Grass Blades, Sythes and Cradles, Axes, Trace Chains, Tames, Locks, Screws, Butts, Saws, Forks, Shovels, Spades, Plows, Cutlery, Tin Ware, &c.

We buy WHEAT, OATS, RYE, CORN, PEAS, BEANS, FLAX SEED, EGGS, BUTTER, BEESWAX, FLOUR, DRIED FRUITS and all other salable produce.

We invite you to call and examine our stock and prices.

Very Respectfully,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

D. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.

A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. The only preparation of iron that will not blacken the teeth, so characteristic of other iron preparations.

GENTLEMEN: I have used DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC in my practice, and in an experience of twenty-five years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, and an impoverished condition of the blood, this peerless remedy, has in my hands, made some wonderful cures. Cases that have baffled some of our most eminent physicians, have yielded to this great and incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any iron preparation made. In fact, such a compound as DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a necessity in my practice. DR. ROBERT SAMUELS.
ST. LOUIS, MO., NOV. 26th, 1881. 3104 Wash Avenue.

It gives color to the blood, natural healthful tone to the digestive organs and nervous system, making it applicable to General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers and Impotence.

MANUFACTURED BY THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS.

Gray & Martin,
DRUGGISTS,
Winston, N. C.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

I. W. DURHAM,
PRACTICAL
Marble-Worker
AND DEALER IN
MONUMENTS
AND
TOMBSTONES.
WINSTON, N. C.

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March 21—26-12—1 year.

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TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. OFFICE, 35 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

(Dr. TUTT'S RENOVATOR of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

GUITEAU.—A few copies of the GUITEAU BOOK (858 pages) for sale at the SALEM BOOKSTORE. Sent by mail for $2.15.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had thirty-five years' experience.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Pub'rs. of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents free.

North Carolina R. R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Feb. 19 1882.	No. 51. Daily.	No. 53. Daily
Leave Charlotte	3 55 a m	6 50 p m
" Salisbury	5 51 a m	8 51 p m
" High Point	7 30 a m	10 44 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 40 a m	11 20 p m
Leave Greensboro	8 55 a m	.....
Arrive Hillsboro	11 04 a m	.....
" Durham	11 48 a m	.....
" Raleigh	1 15 p m	.....
Leave "	1 40 p m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	4 20 p m	.....

No. 17—Daily, except Saturday. Leave Greensboro 6 00 p. m. Arrive at Raleigh 3 04 a. m. Arrive Goldsboro 8 00 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 53.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily; at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Feb. 19, 1882.	No. 50. Daily.	No. 52 Daily
Leave Goldsboro	10 20 a m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 40 p m	.....
Leave "	4 10 p m	.....
Arrive Durham	5 28 p m	.....
" Hillsboro	6 07 p m	.....
" Greensboro	8 50 p m	.....
Leave "	9 10 p m	5 p m
Arrive High Point	9 40 p m	5 40 a m
" Salisbury	11 06 p m	7 a m
" Charlotte	12 50 a m	11 20 a m

No. 18, D'lyex Sunday—Lv. Golds. 2 50 p. m., Ar. Raleigh 7 10 p. m., Lv. Raleigh 5 00 a. m., Ar. Greensboro 2 20 p. m.

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for Asheville, &c., at Charlotte with A. & C. Air-Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

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N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex.Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 20 p m	8 30 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 36 p m	9 41 a m
" Salem	11 20 p m	10 15 a m
GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Salem	5 15 a m	6 00 p m
Arrive Kernersville	5 50 a m	6 40 p m
" Greensboro	7 00 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 1 Daily ex.Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 30 a m
Arrive University	8 20 a m
Arrive Raleigh	10 15 a m
GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily ex.Sun.
Leave Raleigh	3 30 p m
Arrive University	5 15 p m
Arrive Chapel Hill	6 15 p m

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H. W. STAFFORD.

March, 16, 1882.

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

Don't Slop Over.

"Don't slop over," the old man said,
As he placed his hand on the young man's head,
"Go it by all means. Go it fast;
Go it while leather and horseshoes last;
Go it while hide and hair on horse
Will hold together. Oh, go it, of course—
Go it as fast as ever you can—
But don't slop over, my dear young man.

"Don't slop over. You'll find, some day,
That keeping an eye to win'ard will pay.
A horse may run a little too long;
A preacher may preach a fraction too strong;
A poet who pleases the world with rhymes
May write, and regret it in after-times;
Keep the end of the effort ever in view,
And don't slop over, whatever you do.

"Don't slop over. The wisest of men
Are bound to slop over now and then;
And the wisest, at work or at feast,
Are the very ones that blunder the least.
Those that for spilt milk never wail
Are the ones that carry the steadiest pail.
Wherever you go, go in for the fat,
But don't slop over—and freeze to that.

"Don't slop over. Distrust yourself,
Nor always reach to the highest shelf;
The next to the highest will generally do,
And answer the needs of such as you.
Climb, of course; but always stop
And take your breath this side of the top;
And you will reach it in wind and strong,
Without slopping over. This ends my song."

—*Hingham Journal.*

The Burning Transport

AN ENGLISH NAVAL OFFICER'S STORY.

The fleet lay off "North Fleet Hope," awaiting the flag of Rear-Admiral Coffin, who had been appointed to succeed the gallant Collingwood, and, a heavy gale prevailing at the time, the ships were riding to the wind, regardless of tide, when night closed around us.

Some thirty sail of merchantmen, under convoy of one of our fastest frigates, were anchored in the entrance of the Downs, and between us and them lay two convict ships, while a fleet of transports, with troops for the East Indies, were anchored just astern of us, the largest—the Wellesley—being anchored on our starboard quarter, and scarce three cables' length distant.

Being senior passed midshipman of the old Sovereign at the time, I was honored with supreme command of a whole anchor-watch, and having the first watch that night enjoyed the happiness (?) of strutting the quarter-deck exposed to the wind and rain, while my more humble and consequently more fortunate watchmates sought shelter in the lee of the bulwarks, or, stowed snugly away beneath the guns, whiled away the dreary watch with yarns of dangers and battles past.

It had just struck three bells, and save the measured tread of the sentinels on duty, the pattering of the driving rain and the deep breathings of full six hundred sleepers, scarce a sound broke the silence reigning throughout the vast hull of the old Sovereign. Even I had halted, half-deeming our dreary watch at an end; and, half-supported by the cabin skylight, was indulging in visions of calm repose.

While standing thus, with face averted from the driving storm, a deep red gleam illumined the darkness on our starboard quarter, increasing so rapidly that ere a minute elapsed the upper works, lower mast and yards of the Wellesley were plainly defined in the red glare. In an instant the truth flashed upon me, she was on fire; and bounding to the skylight I shouted:

"Forward gun of the starboard forward division on the spar-deck! Fire!"

It was our signal gun, and kept continually loaded, so that my order was obeyed in an instant, while I followed up the report with the order, "Bo'sen's mate, pipe all hands to quarters."

The first lieutenant was at my side ere the sound of the mate's shrill whistle had ceased reverberating on our main, gun, and berth decks, when he instantly divined the cause of the alarm, and assuming command, shouted, "Fire! Pipe down all boats! Waist and afterguard, pass the engines up from below! Topmen, hook yard and stay tackles. Forecastle men and sail trimmers, pass the messenger and take to."

In an instant all was bustle and preparation, and ere a lapse of two minutes the report of "messenger passed" was followed by that of "boats all ready;" when Captain Wilmer, who had gained the deck, shouted, "Officers in charge of boats, to your stations! Bo'sen, pipe all boats away!" I sprang from the rail, grasped the yard tackle, and in an instant later landed in the launch, of which I had command. We then fell off, and in a few moments were scudding swiftly toward the burning ship. It is almost needless to add that our example was followed by the various commanders in the fleet, and on dropping alongside the Wellesley we mustered a fleet of some sixty boats capable of accommodating at least nine hundred hands, a larger number, fortunately, than were placed in peril.

The moment the first boat reached the transport the work of debarkation commenced, but owing to the tremendous gale and heavy sea progressed but slowly, while the rapid advance of the fire drove numbers from the deck to seek safety in the sea, from which they were rescued as promptly as possible.

It was truly a thrilling scene. The hull of the transport was evidently converted into a perfect volcano, while from each of her hatches leaped a tongue of flame, which, seizing on her fresh tarred rigging, transferred the whole mass into a delicate tracery of fire, and speedily consuming it left her taut spars to tumble one after another over the stern, killing and wounding numbers in their descent.

This catastrophe, although resulting in death to many, proved a means of safety to many others who might otherwise have perished, as it established a direct means of communication with many of the boats which could not gain a position alongside. And thus the work went on, boat after boat departing with its load of scorched, half naked and shivering troops, with a light sprinkling of women and children, until nearly all were saved, when the task commenced of lowering the insensible forms of those who had been hurt by the falling spars, in the rush which had taken place on the discovery of the fire, or had fainted from excessive fright.

Our boat being scarce one third full, we hauled alongside to receive our quota of the unfortunate creatures, whom we handled as tenderly as possible, laying them in a tier in the stern-sheets, to the number of ten, when having as many as we could accommodate, we dropped astern, and shipping our oars we made a futile attempt to regain the Royal Sovereign. Finding that we could not gain an inch, I seized upon the first lull in the gale to put the tiller hard up, when the launch swung off, and catching the next sea broad on her bow, careened so heavily that she half-filled, when the second caught her fairly astern, and fortunately righted her, bearing off some eight or ten fathoms on its boiling, bubbling crest, and leaving us in a proper position to scud with safety.

The briny bath exercised a reanimating effect upon several of our insensible cargo, one of whom—a female—betrayed the fact of her restoration by loudly demanding her child.

"My child! my child! Where is my little Edward?" she demanded, in tones of thrilling anguish. "Tell me, for the love of heaven, if any of you have seen my child?"

"Merciful Heaven! what do I hear?—the voice of my benefactress?" exclaimed a young man, who sat on the front part, supporting the form of a young woman, who had evidently received fearful injuries prior to her rescue from the burning wreck. "Is this Mrs. Clifford?" he asked, gently linquishing his insensible burden.

"It is," responded the lady, instantly adding, "Whoever you are you evidently know me, and must know something of my darling. Oh, have you seen him? Is he safe? Tell me, I conjure you."

"Would to Heaven I could!" exclaimed the man, passionately. "Bill Hunter would be only too happy to prove his gratitude to the benefactress of his wife."

"Oh, Hunter, my child, my Edward, and my husband——"

"Nay, madame, Captain Clifford must be safe," rejoined the man, hastily. "I saw him myself actively employed in removing the insensible from below, and he may have saved the child."

"May have," she repeated; but you not certain, Hunter? Oh, you are not certain, and this suspense is worse than death!" And the poor bereaved mother groaned in her anguish, and clasping her hands over her eyes sat rocking her body to and fro, and uttering that deep, convulsive sob, which betrays so fully a breaking heart.

"And she interceded so eloquently in our behalf that my Susan might accompany me!" murmured the soldier, in an audible tone, as he resumed his seat and his former burden, on the pallid brow of which he pressed a fond kiss, adding, "My poor wife! Would to Heaven you had remained with my parents; you would have escaped this suffering, and perhaps death!" And the gallant fellow bowed his head, concealing his face in his hands, probably to hide the tears which were an honor to his manhood, since called forth by the suffering and probable fate of one who had forsaken friends and home to follow his uncertain fortunes.

A minute later we rounded to under the counter of and received a line from the Delmar transport, alongside of and into which one boat was already discharging her freight of rescued.

"Ship ahoy! Can you accommodate twenty more?" I demanded, as my bowline made fast to him.

"Ay, my lad, a hundred!" was the trumpeted reply. "Haul up, haul up at once, and clear the track for others!"

We obeyed, gaining, with difficulty, a position beneath the gangway, when the debarkation of our freight commenced, the insensible wife of the young soldier being the first attached to the whip by which the helpless were taken on board. Mrs. Clifford was the second, the soldier having devoted himself to her as soon as he beheld his wife in safety, while I, seizing upon the first opportunity, bounded into the Delmar's main chains, and gained her deck at the moment that the bereaved mother was relieved from the whip, when, recognizing me, she rushed to my side, and grasping my arm, exclaimed: "What shall I do? How shall I discover the fate of my husband and child?"

"You must be quiet, madame," responded I, urgently. "It is impossible to learn anything regarding them just now, or indeed before this gale subsides, when I have no doubt you will find them safe and sound. They may have reached some other vessel ere this. Indeed, 'tis more than probable they have done so, since to my certain knowledge but few of the Wellesley's company are lost."

"Bless you!" said she. "May heaven bless you for your consoling words! Yet I apprehend the worst. Do you think that they have reached this vessel?"

"Probably, madame, but I will ascertain," I replied; and, advancing a few paces with the trembling mother still clinging to my arm, I was about to ask if any one of the rescued answered to the name of Captain Clifford, when the young soldier elbowed his way through the crowd, exclaiming: "Mrs. Clifford! Mrs. Clifford! I have found him!"

"Found whom?" she demanded, wildly. "Whom have you found?"

"Captain Clifford, your husband, ma'am—"

"And my child—my Edward? Speak! What of him? But lead me to my husband, he will tell me all."

The young soldier guided her through the crowd in silence; while deeply interested in the meeting about to take place, I followed to where a gentleman in the undress of an infantry officer lay partially supported by a half-naked soldier, his countenance expressing at once the keenest physical anguish and a supreme degree of mental happiness.

"Thank Heaven; you are safe, my beloved Lucy; but where is—"

"Edward! Oh, Father of Mercies! I came to you, my husband, for tidings of our boy. Can it be that you are as ignorant as myself?"

"I never saw him but once after the alarm, Lucy, and then he was in the nurse's arms. She was seeking you; and I, deeming him safe with her—Oh! my child, my child! and I disabled and cannot search for him!"

"In the nurse's arms!" repeated the young soldier. "Why, that was Susan. Did you mean," said he, "you saw Master Edward with my wife, captain?"

"Ay, Hunter," was the reply. "Where is your wife? The child must be with her."

"Alas, no, sir. My wife is here. See—she is insensible," said the young soldier; and as he spoke he bent over the form I had failed to observe, adding, "I found her beneath a prostrate spar, by which she had been struck down, and, wrenching it aside, grasped the precious burden and escaped with it, as you see."

"Then, Lucy, darling, our child is lost!" murmured the stricken officer, gently drawing the crouching form of his wife to his breast, where she fainted, while the young soldier, bounding to his feet, exclaimed: "Not yet! no, no—not yet; not yet! I know the spot where Susan lay. The fire has not reached it yet, and Master Edward must be there if not among the rescued. Who'll go with me to the burning wreck?"

"I will, my man!" I shouted, seized with a wild ambition to aid him in restoring the child to its parents, and grasping his arm I fairly dragged him to the rail, on which I leaned, shouting: "Volunteers for the wreck! Sovereigns, ahoy! A child is left in yonder burning ship! Who will follow me to the rescue!"

The demand was instantly responded to by the unanimous shout of the launch's crew, "Sovereigns to the rescue!" when I turned inboard, shouting, "a lighter boat! In heaven's name let us have a lighter boat!"

"Lower away the gig!" shouted some one on deck, when, pausing no longer, I leaped from the rail into the launch, followed by the intrepid soldier.

Scarce a minute elapsed ere the Delmar's gig was down, and five of my men, the soldier and myself, safely seated on her thwarts, when an unrestrained use of our knives severed the davit-tackles, and we were free.

"Bear her off with your oars, and ship all, my lads!" I exclaimed, vainly endeavoring to find the rudder, when, abandoning the search, I grasped the loom of the after oar, which the soldier had secured, and lent my strength toward the impulsion of the buoyant craft through or over the maddened billows, while from the Delmar's deck came a cheering shout:

"Give way, my lads, my noble hearts, and may Heaven speed you!"

We did give way, each stroke of the oars making the little boat fairly leap from the brine, while the life-boat model on which she was constructed rendered us secure from all danger of being swamped. And it was fortunate for us that her thwarts, stern-sheets and dais were air-tight lockers. Had they been otherwise nothing could have prevented us from going down, inasmuch as we were half-full of water ere we had accomplished half the distance to the wreck.

We had made the passage to the Delmar in the short space of four minutes, but our passage from her to the wreck consumed four times that period and tenfold the exertion, while in a few words the young soldier informed me of the cause of his daring.

He had married without the consent of his colonel, and the regiment being soon after ordered on foreign service, he in vain besought permission for his wife to accompany him. Colonel Ross was inexorable, until his daughter, the young wife of Captain Clifford—espoused the cause of the anguish-stricken Susan, and ventured to intercede in her behalf. He could deny his daughter nothing, so he consented, promising that she should take Susan into her service, by which means he would be spared the charge of suspending an established rule in her case. In this manner had the youthful soldier and his young wife been spared the pain of separation, and in return for that kind intercession he was now proving his gratitude.

At length we reached the burning wreck, when a new difficulty presented itself. How were we to board it? To attempt such a feat to leeward was worse than folly, for the wreck, relieved of its top hamper, rode partly to the ebb, which was now setting strong, heaving the dismantled hull into the trough of the sea, which made frequent breaches over her, retarding the progress of the flames, and preserving almost entire her starboard side.

An attempt to board to windward would have been equal madness, and we were debating upon the feasibility of an attempt to board by the wreck of the mizzen topmast, which hung drooping to the surface, from the stern, when Hunter demanded:

"How near can you go with safety, sir?"

"Within two boats' length," I replied.

"Then sheer in," said he, "and I will swim the rest."

"Nonsense! You couldn't!" responded I, startled by the proposition.

"I have accomplished feats as dangerous for a less momentous object," said he. "I'll try it. I can but fail!"

"Give way gently, men!" said I, avoiding a reply for a moment, in order to consider the proposal in all its bearings, when the boat, losing headway and being to windward, began to close with the wreck.

We were three boats' length, when he dropped his oar and was about to spring, but I restrained him, saying, "Hold on! You will have a better chance by that spar over the stern, but how can you reach the boat if you are fortunate enough to find the child?"

"Let me but find it," he exclaimed, "and I can afford to trust for safety in Him who rules the wind and waves."

We were stern to, and within a boat's length of the wreck at the moment, when signing to the crew to give way, I exclaimed.

"Go, then, in His name, and here's to go with you!"

And the next instant we were both struggling in the hissing brine.

A minute later and we were clambering up the top-mast, from which we passed on deck, where we were obliged to pause, our passage being cut off by the destruction of the main deck from the main hatch aft, a portion of the weather-side forward remaining unscathed.

"If the child lives, unrescued, it is there, sir," said Hunter, indicating a portion of the foremast, with a heap of smoking canvas which lay along the weather-side, just forward the chesstree.

"Follow me, then," said I, briefly; and clambering over the quarter-rail I crawled along outside the bulwark, clinging to the chained hammock rail, until I reached the forward channels, when I bounded inboard, followed by my gallant companion.

"It was here I found my wife; and, thank heaven, the child is here, alive!" he exclaimed, as the faint wail of an infant saluted our ears.

It was but the work of a minute to clear away the mass which concealed the infant, whom we found lying beside the wreck of the spar, while the charred weather rigging had fallen in such a manner as afforded it protection against injury from the feet of those who must have passed and repassed the spot in the hurry and excitement of abandonment.

Hunter clasped the child in his arms, and spurning all my proffers of aid, proceded me to the taffrail by the same dangerous path we had previously trodden, when the boat being near at hand he fearlessly committed himself and charge to the mercy of the waves. My gallant crew being prepared for the event were ready, and fortunately able to render him prompt and efficient aid, scarce a minute elapsing ere they had him safe on board. My rescue followed, of course, and was effected with greater difficulty, a mountain billow breaking while I was immersed and heading me and the boat asunder, when nearly two minutes passed ere she came within my reach. At length I was in her stern sheets again, and a few minutes later we dropped alongside of the Delmar, where our success was already known, and where our presence was hailed with a general manifestation of joy.

Need I tell you how the sight of that reunion of parents and child rewarded me tenfold for my share in the rescue of the latter! But I must add that I was delighted when Colonel Ross approached the young soldier—as he stood supporting his now conscious wife, and receiving the congratulations of his friends—and extending his hand, which the young man humbly clasped, said:

"Hunter, brave men carry their own reward with them; but, both as your commanding officer and friend, your action of this night claims at my hands a grateful and public acknowledgment. I will see to your future, and to that of your wife."

Although I didn't sleep soundly the remainder of that night, in the hammock swung for me in the ward-room of the Delmar, yet I never retired to rest so perfectly contented with myself and all mankind as on that night, rendered memorable by the burning of the Wellesly transport.

"Get through your breakfast quick, sonny. You will be late at school," said an Austin mother to her hopeful. "I'm not going to school until I get a dime." "I won't give you any dime." "Well, then I'll just keep on eating. I will see for once if I can't cure you of your obstinacy," replied the hopeful, taking a fresh butter-cake.

The tanning of sealskins taken from the hair seal, obtained on the north-eastern coast of North America, is an industry carried on to a large extent in Great Britain and France.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Care of Chicks.

Chicks after being hatched should be kept in a uniform warm temperature. When they are older they may gradually become accustomed to every variation of weather, so as to get a strong, hardy race, that in their turn will produce a vigorous offspring. But in the meantime they need especial care and suitable food to give them a start. After they are four or five weeks old their diet may be more varied, and may be coarser. Their digestive organs grow stronger with age, and they should be fed from the shell until they are able to shift for themselves, with such kinds of food as are suitable to their age, condition and development.

One point of great importance in feeding chickens is to feed often, but never to give more at one time than they can eat with appetite. They should be fed early and late and of such quality and kinds as will satisfy them best, and without leaving any food to be sour or trampled under foot. The feed at this early age should in part be cooked or scalded with boiling water. Hard boiled eggs, bread crumbs and millet seed, johnnycake, oatmeal, cracked corn, wheat and vegetables. Animal food three or four times a week will be found good if confined or before they can procure insects, and a small allowance of fresh bone meal occasionally in their soft food will help their growth and looks considerably.—*Poultry Monthly.*

Practical Tests of Ensilage.

Mr. William M. White, of Alleghany county, New York, writes as follows to the *Country Gentleman* upon the subject of ensilage, and the information is of great value as it gives the result of practical tests:

Ensilage weighs forty-five pounds to the cubic foot. A bushel basket full weighs thirty pounds, and is a full mess for an ordinary animal fed twice a day. Ten tons of ensilage can be put in the same space occupied by a ton of hay.

The Southern white dent-tooth corn is more generally used for ensilage. It costs about $1 a bushel in New York. From three pecks to six are used for drilling-in. Prepare the land as for corn. Drilling in a double row, four inches apart, leaving twenty-eight inches space between the rows, is the best way to plant it. This gives from ten to twenty tons to an acre of valuable fodder. Broadcast corn is not nutritious, except the leaves. It is too young and grows too closely together to make nourishing food. More weight can be grown in drills. Ensilage should not cost more than $2 a ton, and two tons of ensilage are equal to one ton of hay. A ton a month is full feed for a cow, so that a cow can be wintered for $12. With hay at $8 per ton it will cost $20.

My four-year-old Devon bull, fed on ensilage and barley meal (four quarts a day), gained 100 pounds in forty-two days. An old cow without front teeth, weighing 875 pounds, fed on sixty pounds of ensilage and four quarts of barley meal, gained 100 pounds in forty days.

Fine grade short-horn steers coming two years old have had thirty pounds of ensilage each and the pickings of the barn yard and nothing else. They weigh 800 pounds each, and in the last seventy-one days have gained sixty-five pounds each. Fourteen steers have been fed on ensilage for 100 days. They weighed 11,585 pounds (827½ each). They have consumed three tons of cornmeal. They now weigh 13,530, a gain per head of 139 pounds in the 100 days. But for three weeks they were fed in an open yard without shelter. Then they were housed. They were also covered with lice when bought, and it was a very long, tedious job to get rid of them. They consumed about seventy pounds of ensilage a day, and had no hay, straw or cornstalks. Nor did they drink any water, and they were irregularly fed. In feeding ensilage alone or with meal the cattle require no water. They do not scour. The dung is neither dry nor liquid, but of a proper healthy consistency, it appeared digested and the food assimilated. There is no strong smell or odor perceptible in the manure.

The cost of a silo depends on its size. It will cost as much as a good cellar, and should be plastered with water-lime on the inside and bottom. The trouble in using water-lime is that it is not always used as soon as it should be after mixing. The cement should be fresh ground, and the mortar mixed in small quantities and kept in motion till it is put in its place. It sets like plaster of Paris, and when once set it is ruined as mortar if it is not where you want it. Keeping it in motion with the hoe or shovel prevents it setting till it is used.

Much testimony goes to show that wooden silos are equally good, built like an ice-house, and filled and weighted with 200 or 300 pounds to the square foot. The objections to rods and screws is that as soon as you stop tightening the nuts you take off the weight. One must depend on weights, for gravity never never forgets to press. A building of rough hemlock with ten-inch studding (two by ten) and joists, spiked together and filled in with sawdust or lined with tar paper, and with a board roof coated with crude petroleum inside and out, set on the ground, the space between the floor joist filled in with concrete of water lime, will last thirty years and answer a good purpose. Made sixteen by sixteen by sixteen, like an ice-house, it will hold fifty-four tons of ensilage, enough for ten head of cattle for six months, or sixty good sheep. The crude petroleum penetrates the wood, making it shed water like a duck's back, prevents warping, and keeps out all moisture, making hemlock as durable as cedar.

The cost of a corn crop is the cost of corn ensilage. Twenty tons per acre costs but little more to raise than ten tons per acre. So the amount raised on an acre governs the cost. Housing it costs from thirty to fifty cents per ton. I use trucks and flat jacks. Drive by the side of the standing corn, cut and drop it across the rack, and when one truck is loaded another takes its place. With ten men and ten horses (sweep power) I easily housed four tons per hour, all the corn within 160 rods of the silo.

I built two silos last summer under sidehill barns, one of 200 tons, one of 300 tons. I raised 300 tons of ensilage. I shall raise more, and probably build two wooden silos. If it be true that we destroy nearly half of the nutriment in grass by curing it, we are losing too much. By ensilaging we escape poor hay, and the terrors of a rainy haying time, and have the control of harvesting the grass crop. I have not yet found the man who has tried the experiment who is going back to the old way.

Farm and Garden Notes.

The toad destroys from twenty to thirty insects in an hour, and the mole is continually destroying grubs, larvæ, palmer worms and insects injurious to agriculture; no trace of vegetation is ever found in its stomach.

Let the boys and girls have all the cossets they can raise. It will give them valuable lessons in sheep husbandry. Often the cosset, on account of the extra care and attention it receives, makes the largest sheep in the flock, having also the heaviest fleece.

It is poor policy to grow pumpkins with corn or potatoes. The vines sap more by a large percentage from either corn or potatoes than any profit the pumpkins will afford. Plow up a small piece of ground and plant the pumpkins alone.

Every owner of a cow should have a set of milking tubes on hand for use in a case of emergency. When the teats are injured by accident or milking becomes difficult from any cause it may save the cow to be able to draw the milk, and the only way is by the use of milking tubes inserted in the teats. They are used by first oiling them and then pushing them carefully into the opening of the teat until the end enters the milk reservoir, when the milk flows off to the last drop.

A writer in *Vick's Magazine* saves his onions from the maggot by covering the beds before they are sown with coal ashes.

Turnips are healthful for horses. They should be cut in slices, or what is better, pulped finely and mixed with a little meal and some salt. Rutabagas are better than white turnips.

Quince roots left alone maintain themselves near the surface of the ground, and are therefore often affected by drought, and also more liable to injury by the spade and plow.

German farmers, according to a correspondent of the English *Agricultural Gazette*, "are convinced that since they have used oxen on a large scale farming has become more profitable for them."

Young apple trees are often brought into bearing prematurely by the attacks of the borer, and their owners sometimes boast of their trees as early bearers, when if they wait but a year or two they will find them dying. The efforts of orchardists should be directed to making steady growth upon each tree, although it must be necessarily less when bearing than barren. The seeding of the fruits draws upon the strength of the soil and the constitution of the tree, but wood growth is extracted mainly from the atmosphere.

A New Jersey farmer reports that a dressing of eight bushels per acre of salt to land badly infested with white grubs enabled him to raise good crops of corn for three years past, which was impossible previous to this application.

A reader requests a remedy for excessive sweating in horses. This is usually caused by feeding too much corn, and hence the best remedy is to diminish the quantity of corn and vary the feed as much as possible. Some horses, however, are constitutionally subject to sweats.

A writer in an exchange says that as well kept hay is worth about as much the second year as the first, the thrifty farmer ought always to have hay to sell when the crop is short and the prices high.

If anybody will persist in sowing or planting poor seed, instead of that which is plump, sound and clean, he must not be surprised if he is taught by experience that "as ye sow, so shall ye also reap."

Household Hints.

To wash dishes nicely fill your dish-pan full of hot water and add half a cup of milk. It softens the hardest water, and gives the dish a clear, bright look, preserves the hand from a rough skin or chapping, which comes from using soap. It cleans the greasiest dishes without leaving the water covered with scum.

The following is said to be not only a cheap but a permanent stain for floors: Mix about one-fourth of an ounce of permanganate of potash in a quart of water. Apply quickly and freely to a dry, clean floor with a brush. Repeat the process for a very dark oak color. When dry oil with burnt oil or beeswax and turpentine. At first, for a few minutes, the color is bright magenta, but this quickly changes to a dark brown.

Onions are very nutritious and wholesome. Onion soup is a fine brace for one who is sick. Baked onions are good for a cold. A late supper of fried onions will put you to sleep.

If a kerosene lamp is filled quite full in a cold room, and then is brought into a warm one, the heat will cause the oil to expand and overflow, and lead to the suspicion that the lamp leaks. This should be avoided by not filling completely; knowing that this may occur, sufficient space should be left to allow for the expansion.

Recipes.

COLD SLAW.—Procure a large white Savoy cabbage; remove the coir and green leaves, cut in fine shreds, parboil, cool, drain thoroughly and put in a hollow earthen vessel with salt and vinegar; mingle well, put an inverted plate over and let macerate two hours; drain and serve in a deep dish; with a castor of salad ingredients. — *The Gastronomer.*

PORK AND BEANS. - One quart of white beans; wash and pick them. Some housekeepers soak their beans over night, but I find it less trouble to boil them at once, putting in three quarts of cold water and letting them come slowly to the boil. Cook fully three hours and do not boil too rapidly, or they will be cooked unevenly. Season with a tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of white ground pepper and as much red pepper as the end of a penknife blade will take up. Put them in a deep baking-pan. If the beans have not absorbed all the water keep some of the water they were boiled in, as they will require it when baking, if too dry. Take one and a half pounds of bacon; it is nicer than salt pork. Skin and core it. After the beans have been baking in a slow oven for four hours put on top of the beans the bacon, and let it all bake two hours longer. If it gets too dry, add the water, which should be boiling.

POTATO PIE.—Two cups of mashed potatoes, one-half cup of butter, two cups sugar, six eggs beaten well, the juice of one lemon and grated peel, one-half nutmeg. Beat all together thoroughly till very light, and bake without upper crust.

TAPIOCA PUDDING. — Soak in warm water one teacupful of tapioca. Beat four eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Melt in half a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter. Stir all together; flavor to your taste, and bake in a quick oven.

The Russian Sunday.

In Russia Sunday is the favorite shopping day of all classes. Although the evil of this has been pointed out by most foreign writers in Russia, and by many native ones, it is only of late years that public feeling has been awakened in the matter. This has been partly due to the discontent evinced by the classes exposed to Sunday work, but more particularly to the influence of that evangelical movement within and without the Russian church which is one of the most interesting features of modern Russian progress. Archdeacon Bogoyavlensky recently preached a sermon in one of the cathedrals of Moscow, the theme of the venerable ecclesiastic being the Sunday closing movement, in favor of which an immense petition, signed by most of the clerks of St. Petersburg, has just been presented to the emperor. Referring to this and to a discussion by the Moscow municipal council in behalf of the movement, the archdeacon demanded of the orthodox "whether they were not ashamed to open their shops on a Sunday when the shops of the foreigner, of the English and German merchants at Moscow, are closed on that day."

WISE WORDS.

Some men and women talk by the yard and think by the inch.

When a man's upper story is empty his mouth will advertise the fact.

Don't be hasty in your speech, for "a word and a stone once let go cannot be recalled."

The power of pleasing is founded on the wish to please. The strength of the wish is the measure of the power.

No man was born wise, for wisdom and virtue require a tutor, though we can easily learn to be vicious without a tutor.

Though avarice will preserve a man from being necessitously poor it generally makes him too poor to be wealthy.

There are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches, and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest.

The influence of many good people is undoubtedly much diminished by their want of that courtesy which has been well called benevolence in small things.

Our very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship, and when they hear us praised by others will ascribe it to sinister and interested motives if they can.

If there be one thing upon earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man; it is a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil.

A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage. People may be amused and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered and brought out against him on some subsequent occasion.

Custer's Last Battle.

The case of Sebastian Beck, whose career among the Sioux Indians has been noted in this journal, has been fully investigated at the county poor office by Overseer McGonegal. During the recounting of his wanderings the old man gave a reporter from this journal a clearer insight into the battle of the "Little Big Horn" than he had before. Beck, who had been a captive among the Sioux for eight years, participated in that battle. He recounted the details of the murderous charge upon Custer, in his broken English, in a manner that was interesting, even to those who were familiar with the slaughter of the gallant general and his band. He said that upon the night of the charge Sitting Bull expected Custer, and had massed all his forces and had a band of 3,000 warriors, of which he was one. The plan of their battle was as follows: The Indians fenced in a large corral with saplings, and within built fires. Upon the saplings they hung their blankets, and within they fixed billets of wood, to represent themselves as seated about the fires. They went into the mountains surrounding the spot and waited until Custer and his company should be attracted to the trap they had devised. They were successful, for the general saw the light, reconnoitered, and thought his chance had come. He opened fire upon the Indians. This was the signal. With one fell swoop 3,000 painted fiends rushed down upon him from the mountain sides. In a moment the little band of 300 men were surrounded, and the unequaled battle was commenced. Beck said that Custer showed no fear, but rode into the fight with eyes and saber flashing, and never raised it but that he left upon some redskin's face his bloody and ragged-edged trade-mark, "X," which so many of his victims in the late war knew so well. One by one his men fell around him, and at last he stood alone among them battling with his trusty saber in his remaining right hand. But at last he too fell, pierced by seven shots. Beck said that his fight was terrible in its destructiveness. Fourteen of those Indians who entered the fray paid for it with their lives, and their cold, copper-hued faces lay turned to the morning sun next day, with those of the 300 brave soldiers who followed the brave Custer into his last fight. This is the story of the old captive of the Sioux, who claims he was there and saw that intrepid officer die. His last words were: "I am alone; I have done my best; the boys are all gone and I will go with them."—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.*

A Telling Law.

Mr. Charles Law, Jr., in conversation with one of our representatives, recently said: "I have been a sufferer from rheumatism and neuralgia for the past ten years, and tried all kinds of remedies. Having heard so much about St. Jacobs Oil, I tried a bottle, and found it truly wonderful.—Pottstown (Pa.) Ledger.

Americans eat much less cheese than Englishmen, their average annual consumption per head being four pounds, or two-thirds the amount of English consumption.

Mr. Ed. Trickett, the celebrated oarsman, Kingston, Canada, says: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a sure and certain cure for rheumatism, etc."—New York Clipper.

The quail is a timid bird, but it generally dies game.

"Enjoy Your Life"
Is good philosophy, but to do so you must have health. If bilious and constipated, or blood is out of order, use Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are mild, yet certain in their operation. Of all druggists.

THE work of the United States fish commission this season will include the distribution of about 80,000,000 shad in different sections of the country, beside innumerable herring.

If you experience bad taste in mouth, sallowness or yellow color of skin, feel stupid and drowsy, appetite unsteady, frequent headache or dizziness, you are "bilious," and nothing will arouse your liver to action and strengthen up your system equal to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

IT is said that the persecution of the Jews has already cost the Russian government something in the neighborhood of $100,000,000.

A Bonanza Mine
Of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to the merits of which as a remedy for female weakness and kindred affections thousands testify.

IT is the fashion in Milan to grow fruits instead of flowers for house plants. Some elegant parlors are almost converted into little orchards.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

IT is estimated that 4,500,000 bushels of potatoes were imported to this country during the past year.

Poultry Cholera.
Its Cause, Nature, Prevention and Cure. By A. M. DICKIE, M. D., and W. H. MERRY, M. D., editor *Southern Poultry Journal*, Louisville, Ky. A valuable book for every farmer or raiser of poultry. Price 25 cts., postpaid. NEW YORK NEWSPAPER UNION, 148 and 150 Worth Street, New York.

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THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Beef Cattle—Prime, live weight	12	@	13
Calves—Com'n to Choice Veals	5	@	8
Sheep	4½	@	6½
Lambs	7	@	9¼
Hogs—Live	7	@	7½
Dressed, city	10¼	@	10¾
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	5 45	@	5 50
Western, good to choice	5 75	@	9 75
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 43	@	1 46
No. 1 White	1 39	@	1 41
Rye—State	87	@	88
Barley—Two-rowed State	1 00	@	1 08
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	72	@	82
Yellow Southern	92	@	92
Oats—White State	63	@	67
Mixed Western	53	@	62
Hay—Prime Timothy	75	@	95
Straw—No. 1, Rye	70	@	75
Hops—State, 1881, choice	18	@	23
Pork—Mess, new, for export	18 25	@	18 40
Lard—City Steam	11 45	@	11 45
Refined	11 75	@	11 75
Petroleum—Crude	6½	@	7
Refined	7¾	@	7¾
Butter—State Creamery, fine	20	@	25
Dairy	15	@	17
Western Im. Creamery	17	@	22
Factory	10	@	17
Cheese—State Factory	6	@	11
Skims	2	@	5
Western	7	@	10½
Eggs—State and Penn	23½	@	24
Potatoes—Early Rose, State, bbl	3 75	@	3 87

BUFFALO.

Steers—Good to choice	7 50	@	8 12½
Lambs—Western	7 00	@	7 50
Sheep—Western	6 25	@	6 75
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers	7 75	@	8 15
Flour—C'y Ground N. Process	9 00	@	9 50
Wheat—No. 1. Hard Duluth	1 68	@	1 68
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	79	@	79
Oats—No. 2 Mix. West	57	@	57½
Barley—Two-rowed State	90	@	90

BOSTON.

Beef—Extra plate and family	16 50	@	18 00
Hogs—Live	7¾	@	8½
Hogs—City Dressed	9½	@	10
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl	17 00	@	18 00
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents	8 50	@	9 75
Corn—High Mixed	89	@	90
Oats—Extra White	66	@	69
Rye—State	98	@	1 00
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	46	@	48
Unwashed " "	28	@	30

WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.

Beef—Extra quality	8 75	@	9 75
Sheep—Live weight	5	@	6¼
Lambs	6	@	8
Hogs, Northern, d. w	9¾	@	10

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Penn. Ex. Family, good	6 00	@	6 25
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 41	@	1 41
Rye—State	97	@	97
Corn—State Yellow	69½	@	69½
Oats—Mixed	58½	@	59
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	25	@	25
Cheese—New York Full Cream	11¾	@	12
Petroleum—Crude	6	@	7
Refined	7¾	@	7¾

ALWAYS KEEP COOL.

To stick to your subject and the truth is an excellent plan, and whether it be in questions of finance or fishing, or any topic whatever, civil or political, always keep cool and tell the truth. However, there is a certain margin allowed for lying, when it comes to fishing, that is permitted in no other subject, and no doubt our friends in the picture are indulging in that special employment, as well, perhaps, as in a little scientific swearing. Their bodies and tempers are hot and the air is cool; as they should be, but are not, and they are apparently in the condition when it is much easier to catch rheumatism than fish, in which case it would be well for them that they be provided with a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL, the Great German Remedy for this as well as other painful ailments.

13

WE'LL NAIL ITS COLORS TO THE MAST.

"Hello, Denny! what is the trouble?" "Oh, I'm all broke up," was the response to the inquiry of an old shipmate of William G. Denniston, one of Farragut's war-worn veterans, well known in the southern section of this city, who came limping into the American office yesterday. "I thought I would go under the hatches this time," continued Denniston. "I never suffered so much in my life. I had the rheumatic gout so bad that I could not get off the bed or put my foot to the floor, and would have been there yet if a friend had not recommended ST. JACOBS OIL to me. I hesitated some time before getting a bottle, thinking it was another one of those advertised nostrums, but was finally induced to give it a trial, and a lucky day it was for me. Why, bless my stars! after bathing the limb thoroughly with the Oil I felt relief, and my faith was pinned to ST. JACOBS and his Oil after that. I freely say that if it had not been for ST. JACOBS OIL I should, in all probability, be still housed. My foot pains me but little, and the swelling has entirely passed away. It beats anything of the kind I have ever heard of, and any person who doubts it send them to me at 1924 South Tenth st.—*Philadelphia Times.*

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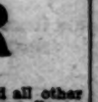

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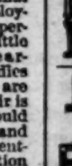

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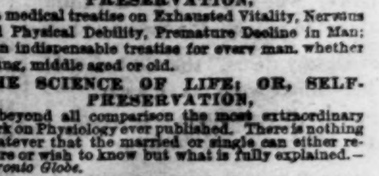

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